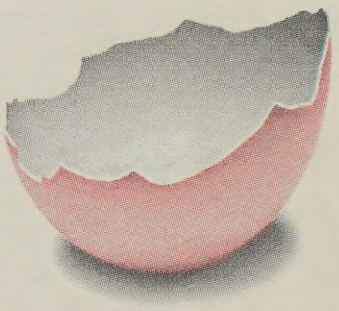
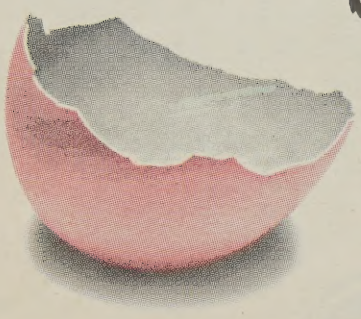
PREMIERE ISSUE

REACHING OUT

VOLUME 2 ISSUE 1





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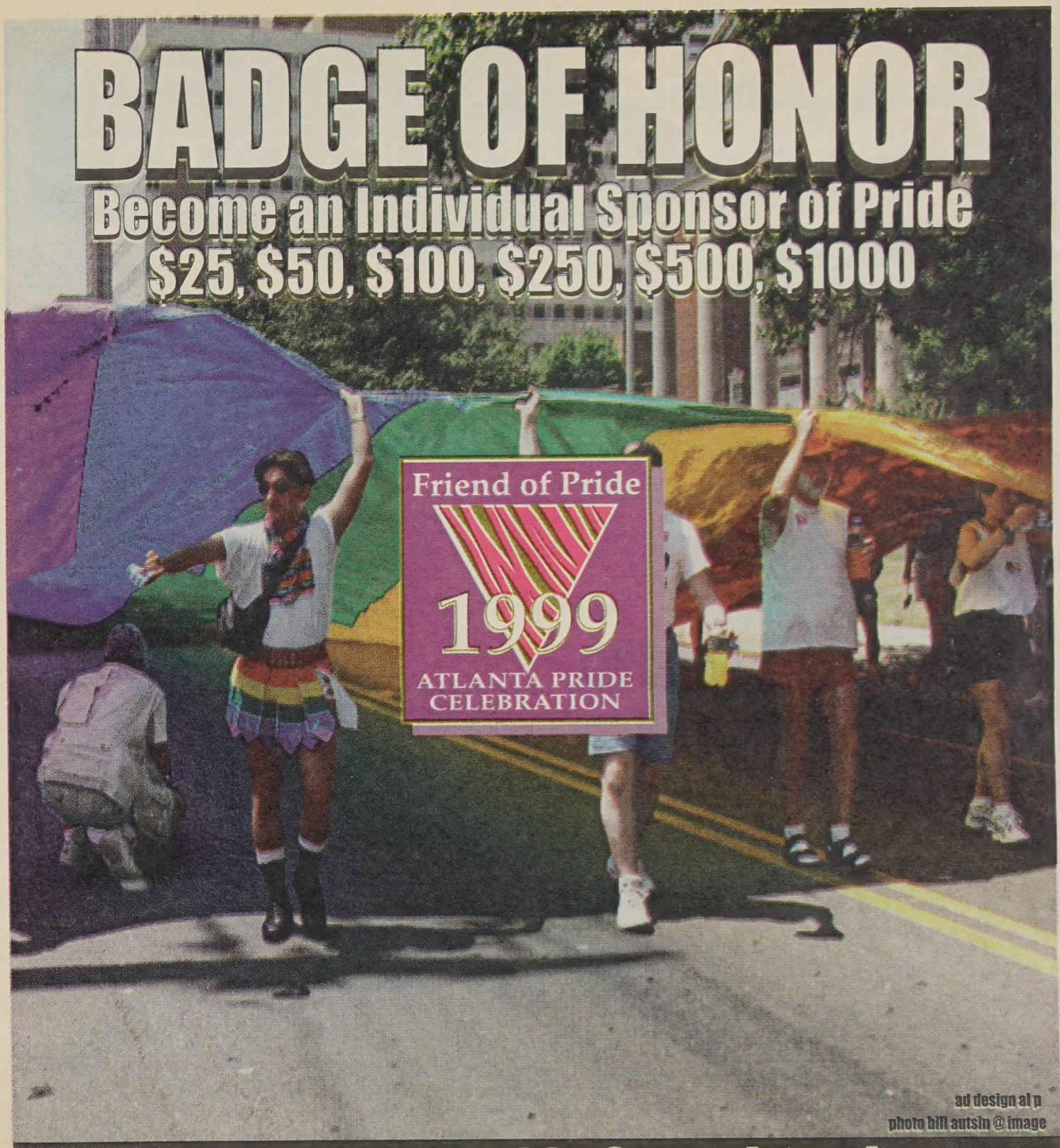

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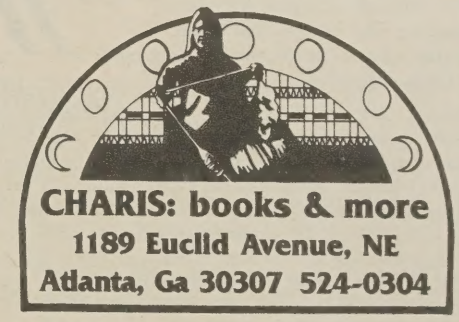

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Greetings!

Atlanta has waited a long time for a publication like Reaching Out Magazine ™.

After carefully scouring the city for the best and most innovative writers, photographers and graphic designers, we have finally reached the starting point of Atlanta's most ambitious publishing effort yet.

As you peruse the pages of Reaching Out Magazine ™, we hope you find a very eclectic, provocative and sometimes amusing account of Atlanta's gay and alternative lifestyle. As we grow and receive feedback from you, the readers, we are certain that we can tailor an arts and entertainment publication that reflects your tastes and interests. Our goal is to create a publication that tugs at the heart and stimulates the imagination of Atlanta's younger community. By exposing lesser-known artists, musicians and entrepreneures, we can give them the much-needed exposure that builds careers, as well as influence others searching for that ever elusive big-break.

In addition to covering the bubbling underground, we'll give you a fresh new approach on established artists, through groundbreaking interviews, photography and design techniques–creating a sleeker, modern and visually exciting tabloid magazine.

Sit back and enjoy the premiere issue of Reaching Out Magazine ™. Share it with a friend. We look forward to becoming an active and conscientious participant in Atlanta's dynamic gay and alternative community.

Best Wishes,
Jason R. Presley
Publisher

Zodiac

Compiled by: Laura Vess

Gemini - May 21 - June 21

There is nothing worse than a Gemini who thinks they have everything under control. Just when you are really convinced you have it all together, that's when you usually find some way to mess it up big time. When will you learn that change is not always a good thing? It is about time you faced that commitment issue you've been avoiding for the last, oh, five years. You probably already blew the chance for the love of your life a few years back. Now is the time to realize it just isn't going to get any better than the great person you've got waiting for you back at home. The grass is not always greener somewhere else.

Cancer
June 21 - July 23

Finally you've decided to emerge from your little rainbow shell and start making waves. That big decision you just made is going to pay off in a major way. Lately you've been fulfilling that latent domestic side of yours, but now is the season to get back at all those losers who said you weren't going anywhere. On a cautionary note, don't get too full of yourself. We all know you are hiding a sensitive, emotional soul under that leather clad exterior. Don't forget others around you are too. Be gentle with your success and try not to use it as a method of revenge. (Unless that ex of yours really deserves it).

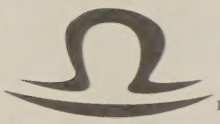
Leo
July 23 - August 23

The planets have been conspiring lately to make you feel like you're trapped in a little box with no air holes. But with Jupiter in a favorable position this year, it just might be your lucky day. Learn to harness all that outside energy and focus it on your career, creativity and especially your love life. You'll never have sex as great as it could be right now, if you can just let your wilder side take control for a while! And don't worry, you aren't going crazy, no matter what the voices in your head say.

Virgo
August 23 - September 23

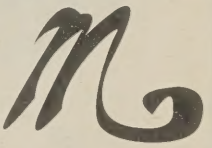
Money, money, money, is that all you think about? Well, now is definitely not the time to be making any major decisions in this area. Finances may be a little tight for a while and there is probably not a lotto jackpot in your immediate future. As a Virgo, the word 'relax' is a rarely used part of your vocabulary, but this week is the time to pull it out. Even if it costs you every penny you've got, you simply have to take some time to yourself. The rewards will more than make up for it. In terms of your love life, you really don't want to go where you think you do, trust me.

Libra
September 23 - October 23/24



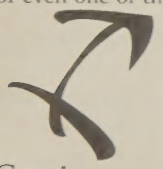
With Jupiter and Uranus bosom buddies right now, you are going to have be positively nasty to get out of a good mood. Your emotional balance is just right this month, if you can let yourself enjoy it. Don't let those petty squabbles and less than fulfilling one night stands get on your nerves. Get out and be social, there just might be something (or someone) incredible right under your nose. Look out on the work front though, you aren't just paranoid, there is someone out to make your life as miserable as they can.

Scorpio
October 23/24 - November 22



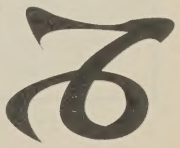
You just aren't acting like your typical Scorpio self in recent days. But that could be a good thing. If you start acting like the normal egotistical, jealous flamer we all know you are, you stand to lose some old and dear friends, maybe for good. Try turning that aggressive, hard-nosed attitude to something more productive, like making that career change you have always wanted. After all, you just aren't going to be happy until you are the center of attention. So drag your butt off of that office chair or out of that waiter's uniform and start showing off. Say, at a nice strip joint or even one of those online live porn sites

Sagittarius
November 22 - December 22



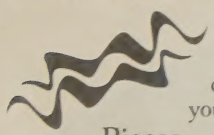
With Mars and Saturn in opposition, you will probably feel inclined to lay around in your pink, footed pajamas all day. Unfortunately, you just aren't going to get the chance for a while. It looks like this may be one of the most grueling periods of your life, but you have the emotional depth to handle it if you try hard. Above all, attempt to keep that flaming temper of yours in hand. In the end, you will find everything will come up roses and you will be proud of the results.

Capricorn
December 22 - January 19/20



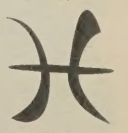
It is about time you stopped wearing all that black and show some color, girl! Set some time aside to renew old ties of friendship and tell your parents you love them. Keep your family and friends close during this time, even if they make you want to take up serial killing. If you have things you haven't told them, do it now. Look forward to some positive cash inflow as well, though probably not from your 50 hour a week job. Speaking of that, do you really want to be a gopher for the rest of your life? Show some teeth and you might just be surprised who gets out of your way.

Aquarius
January 19/20 - February 18/19



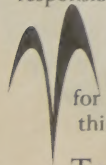
Stop thinking of yourself as just another average, untalented good for nothing. Your creative juices are flowing like Niagara right now and you know you can do anything you set your ample mind to. Also remember to let yourself feel things deeply. You've got some bad news coming up and it will do you no good to keep yourself detached from your unhappiness. Talk out your emotions with someone you trust and respect. Wallowing in misery will only make you feel worse and will earn you no sympathy.

Pisces
February 18/19 - March 20/21



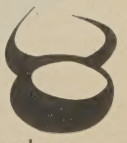
We all know and love the compassionate and loving side of you. But enough is enough! You need to tell that friend of yours leaching off you to lay off! You just don't have the resources, either financially or emotionally to deal with it this month. Your money and altruistic nature could be better used elsewhere. Unless you make your friends learn to be responsible for themselves, they are never going to grow up.

Aries
March 20/21 - April 20



Everyone knows better than to tell you when you're wrong. Guess what? You are wrong. The problems in your relationship (or lack thereof) are not all somebody else's fault. This may be one time in your life that you are just going to have to get down on your knees and apologize for being such an ass. But, considering your inflated pride, you probably won't be able to. You have a real chance here to make something good work, don't screw it up.

Taurus
April 20 - May 21



Yes, we all know you are bull-headed, but you're really being a jerk lately. Now is the time to learn to loosen up a little and deal with some of those possessive, controlling issues. You're going to have some time to yourself for the next few weeks. This is probably because you've pissed off those who normally are willing to sit around and listen to you whine. Get your act together and start listening to what others are trying to say. On the brighter side, you have an incredible opportunity to make a major positive life decision. If you don't take it, you are going to be laughed at by your friends later. And we all know you hate that.

A Flock of Lost Lambs

By: Rob Kapp

I was jotting down some thoughts in my journal just now when I realized that what I was writing was actually coherent, forming some sort of a cohesive structure. At first perturbed, I quickly realized that this was an opportunity--my first editorial was being written without so much as a conscious decision.

Let me bring you up to speed on what I'd written in my journal: I'm lonely. That pretty much sums up what I'd taken a page and a half to write before deciding to exploit this train of thought.

Now, I've given this a lot of thought, and the conclusion I've come to is that what I need is a "normal relationship." You know, some sort of '50s-style romance with a gay twist: boy meets boy, boy dates boy, boy and boy rent a condo. That's a difficult fantasy to fulfill. The more likely story goes: boy meets boy, boy shags boy, boy never sees boy again. That's not a problem, though; it's a symptom.

Humans are very social creatures, possibly the most gregarious of all animals. No, we don't stand around in flocks and blindly follow each other off of cliffs when one of us freaks (not literally, anyway); we need more than a flock for companionship. We need a shepherd, our own individual shepherd. We all need someone to guide us through the darkness and chaos of our lives, someone we, in turn, can guide. But we're also programmed by society to believe that our independence is a measure of our success. Don't mistake me: I'm not talking about independent thought, which is obviously discouraged. Rather, I mean that we are taught all through life that we must be able to make sense out of this mess without help. How old were we when we began to dream of moving out of our parents' house? This is especially an issue for gays and lesbians. When we come out, even if only to ourselves, we have to find the courage to break with what is deemed socially acceptable and risk becoming a pariah. After a gamble like that, why wouldn't we feel like masters of our own fates?

So here's the dilemma: How do we maintain our independence and at the same time, sacrifice our independence for guidance and comfort? The best answer I can come up with is this: Analyze yourself. Why do you want to be independent? Why do you want to be in a relationship? I've had so many friends who wanted one or the other (or most often both) because of external influences morethan internal. If you can stomach it, watch a romantic comedy--now doesn't that look nice? Two ridiculously attractive people who work out their differences and end up with a beautiful relationship. Not only that, they're accompanied by a trendy soundtrack. Watch enough of that treacle and you'll be brainwashed into believing that you can't live another day without a partner. Okay, now watch a TV drama and avoid the soaps. What do you see? Could it possibly be beautiful people working hard; working on their own, to become successful as cops or lawyers or special agents for the FBI investigating paranormal phenomena? It's a tough choice to make. The enigmatic loner or the fulfilled lover.

This is why I see us--humanity in general and the gay community in particular--as a flock of lost lambs. We lead ourselves astray searching for a shepherd we need but don't want. Or want but can't hold onto. Often, we try to act as a shepherd to others, not for the sake of helping them, but to exert power over them, to prove to ourselves that we don't need someone watching over us, we take charge of others! I don't have an answer. It's a part of the human condition. I've given my advice (analyze yourself, in case you were skimming), and I've made my observation, which more than anything was the point of writing this piece. To beat my analogy to death, I'm not trying to lead you down a certain path; I'm pointing out the paths available.

"No, we don't stand around in flocks and blindly follow each other off of cliffs when one of us freaks (not literally anyway...)

I will say this, though. I'm sick of lonely people with lonely lovers. People who won't open up to one another and allow themselves to be helped, who won't make the effort to fix a relationship or take the initiative to end it. Maybe this comes from my ire at being perpetually single. But I cannot abide watching other people throwing away the chance to create beautiful, meaningful relationships, and instead choosing the easy way out and settling for what's comfortable--companionship. Sex. Status. Or even drawing the line before then, living from night to night. If it makes it easier for you to swallow this, you can write me off as being bitter, or as trying to bait my hook. I just felt the need to express myself, and hopefully, through that, I've helped give someone direction.

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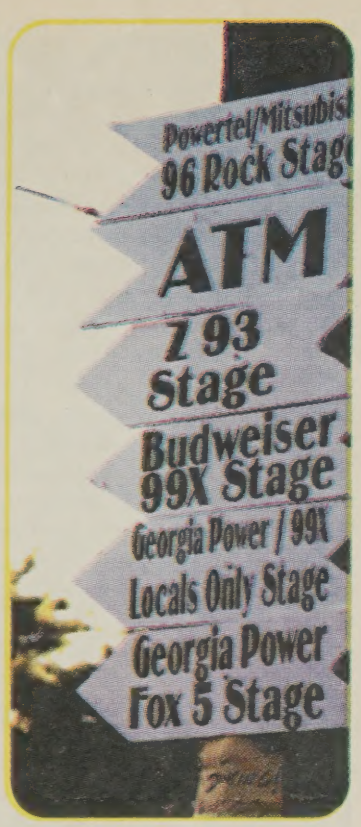
Music Midtown

Photos: Charla Teeters, Rob Frye, Steven Paul Perry

By: Alex Weiss

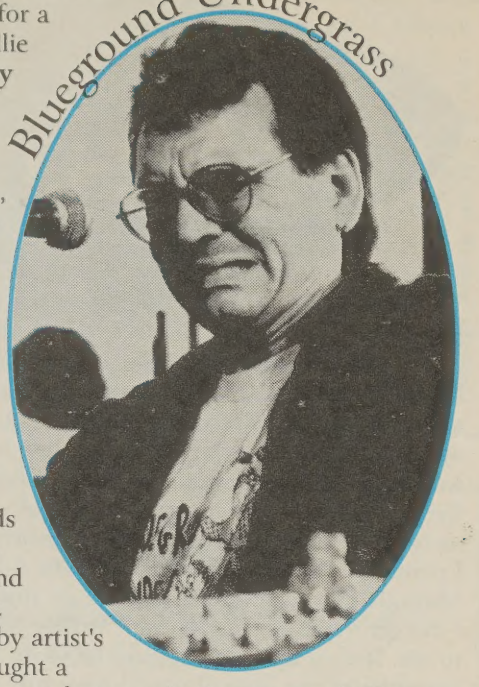


Have you ever felt like you were just part of a herd of cattle? That you had no real control over where you were going or what you were doing? Well, that's what it felt like on Saturday at Music Midtown. 100,000 people crammed into a 12 block area that was primarily warehouses and parking lots. 80% of them rushing to catch the next big thing and the other 20% either ogling the crowd, paying $4 for a warm beer or just passed out. Sounds like fun, doesn't it? No wonder out of over a hundred acts to choose from I only managed to catch about seven of them. Even so it was worth it for just a few of those seven. Why is it that whenever I want to leave early to go out of town, something always comes up and I end up leaving three hours later than I planned? I was hoping to make it to Atlanta on Friday in time to catch **Toots & The Maytals**. No such luck, I didn't even make it in time to see **Jonathan Richman** or **Steve Riley**. I did get there in time to catch **Willie Nelson**, who was one of two bands that I really wanted to see. If someone had told me 15 years ago that I would be going to see Willie Nelson, much less enjoyed the show, I would have told them that they were crazy. Of course, up to that point about the only Willie Nelson that I had heard was that album that he did with **Waylon Jennings**. When I first lived in a dorm oh so many years ago, I had a couple of roommates whose musical taste was extremely limited to say the least. They each owned one record, which they would take turns playing over and over. One of them (whose name I can't recall now) owned **Billy Joel's** The Stranger, an album that makes me queasy just thinking about it. Dave, the other roommate owned that Waylon and Willie record. He

"If someone had told me 15 years ago that I would be going to see Willie Nelson, much less enjoy the show, I would have told them that they were crazy"

took great pleasure in only playing a couple of songs off that thing, "Mama, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys" and the title song, were pounded into my brain day after day for a whole quarter. It's a wonder that I discovered what an amazing singer and songwriter Willie Nelson is after that. Anyone who's written such classics as "Crazy" (made famous by **Patsy Cline**) and "Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain," as well as recording the beautiful album Stardust, can be forgiven by fans who don't look beyond what the radio pushes at them. The same cannot be said for Billy Joel. It was a chilly and wet night in Atlanta and the stage where Willie played was one of the few that wasn't set up in a huge parking lot. No, his was set up in a muddy field, at least the organizers of the festival had the foresight to bring in tons of pine bark to cover the field. There were even a couple of big mounds of pine bark that a few intrepid concert goers climbed on for a better view of the stage. Willie put on a great show, playing quite a few of his hits (including Dave's favorites, which still made me cringe). He also played some of the best material off his latest release, Teatro, as well as a mini set of **Hank Williams** tunes and a song by **Rodney Crowell**. The highlight of the set for me though was when he sang **Townes Van Zant's** "Pancho And Lefty." Not bad for someone who was celebrating his 66th birthday that night. After exploring Atlanta for a bit Saturday morning, my friend Mariel and I headed back to the festival and the thundering herds of humanity. The day was warmer than expected, but still pleasant nonetheless. We managed to make our way through the crowds in time to see **Ben Harper**, or should I say In time for Mariel to see Ben Harper as I was stuck off to the side of the stage and didn't get to actually see the whole show. It did sound good however. After that we worked our way to where **Boozoo Chavis** was going to play. When we realized that we had some time to kill before he started, we headed to the nearby artist's market that the festival had set up. There we caught a refreshing set by this Puerto Rican ensemble, that unfortunately, I never caught the name of. We also saw some great stuff by **R. Land**, the artist who does those wonderfully goofy Man Or Astroman? lightswitch plates. Among the items that he had brought was this great T-shirt with a weird cranky looking Bunny Foo Foo on it, definitely not recommended for little children. After exploring the artist market for a while we made our way back to the tent where Boozoo was performing. He came onstage wearing this apron with a picture of him and his wife that said "Get Cookin' with Boozoo & Leona." And cook he did, grabbing a beautiful old accordion and kicking into some of the best zydeco I've ever heard. Boozoo really got the crowd going twirling and stomping to that wild beat. Even the kids who were waiting around for the other acts after Boozoo were dancing and getting into it. When that was all over we decided to try to get some food. Big mistake. Long lines, greasy food and high prices do not make for them

Blueground Undergrass



MUSIC
MIDTOWN - DOES IT REALLY REFLECT MIDTOWN'S PERSONALITY?

Donning hiking boots, sunglasses, a full camera bag and drinking water I set out on a gorgeous spring Sunday in search of a captivating rhythm. I wandered for what seemed miles for a dance floor and a DJ that I recognized from Midtown's numerous dance clubs.

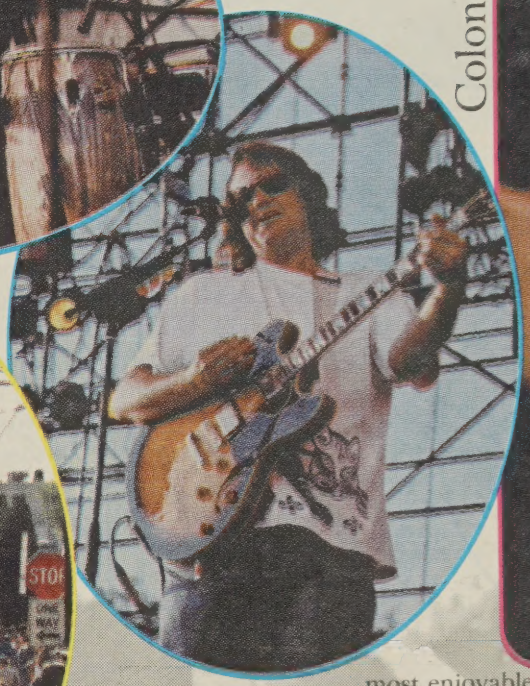
With all the DJ's competing for club kids and gay clientele, I am still amazed after all these years that Music Midtown still lags behind when it comes to recognizing one of the most potent and viable art forms - club music.

Anyone who has gone to Backstreet or the numerous raves and circuit parties that crowd the weekend events calendar, can attest to the sheer numbers of people packing dance clubs throughout Midtown. It's about time Atlanta's concert and club promoters got on the global bandwagon and recognize club and electronic music, it's artists, and DJ's -- making Atlanta a truly cosmopolitan city.

For the many club music fans out there, please write or call Atlanta Concerts/SFX Entertainment at 404-233-8889 and voice your interest in seeing more club music for the 2000 Music Midtown Festival.

98 Degrees

Widespread Panic



Colonel Bruce

most enjoyable of eating experiences. I settled for a $3 bottle of Coca-Cola. Once we finished foraging we headed to the tent where **Wilco** was playing. We got there only to find the place was packed. I managed to work my way towards the front of the stage just in time to catch **Jeff Tweedy** sauntering onstage in a beat up denim jacket with a cigarette dangling from his mouth followed by the rest of his band. They proceeded to launch into a set that highlighted material from their new record. After a bit, we got tired of dealing with the crowds and decided to head back to where we were staying and get some real food. Sunday morning we were invited to a press brunch sponsored by **Capricorn Records** at The Tabernacle, featuring a performance by **Jack Logan**. Jack and his band performed a great set to a small audience of sleepy and hungover writers, most of whom, unfortunately seemed more interested in the food and the open bar than the entertainment. After the show we went and explored more of Atlanta, making it to the festival in time for Mariel to catch **Cubanismo** and for me to see **Isaac Hayes**. Isaac Hayes, Black Moses. Most of you only know him as the voice of Chef on South Park, some of you also might remember that he did the infectious theme to Shaft. How many of you realize that he also co-wrote with **David Porter** some of the best of the classic Stax catalog including all the great hits by **Sam & Dave** especially my favorite "Hold On, I'mComing." His album Hot Buttered Soul changed the face of music in the'70s. Like Willie Nelson, Isaac has been through some rough times and had some run-ins with the IRS, but thanks to South Park and the up coming remake of Shaft he is more popular than ever. His short but oh so sweet set included a terrific rendition of "Walk On By," and when he started into the song "Chocolate Salty Balls" from South Park the younger half of the audience started to sing along (that's a sight that I'll neverforget). The whole crowd went wild when that unmistakable riff started and Isaac got up from behind his piano to sing "Shaft." Like all good entertainers he left the audience happy, but wanting more. Isaac's set ended early enough that I was able to catch the end of Cubanismo's show. I thought Boozoo had gotten the audience rocking, but I hadn't seen anything yet. This infectious 15 piece band played some incredible dance music that had everyone within listening distance working up a sweat. After their set I was too exhausted to do anything else. All in all, despite thuge crowds the somewhat uncomfortable setting and only seeing a handfull of acts, this event would still have been well worth the $30 ticket for a three day pass.

"Have you ever felt like you were just part of a herd of cattle?"

Lost in Boston

By: Laura Vess

The queer scene in Boston can be extremely tough, to find, that is. In a recent visit to the gay Mecca of Massachusetts, at first it was quite difficult to figure out why gays and lesbians have been flocking to the old Beantown. Sure, the city hosts some outstanding architecture, beautiful historic neighborhoods and an incredibly diverse and talent-filled art scene. But where the hell were all the queers? Being from Atlanta, the homosexual hospitality capital of the South, it seemed reasonable to just ask the nice yuppie muscle boy next to me on the subway. His rather (seemingly) shocked response came out in a rather rude tone. "What did you say?" Now, I knew I had been loud enough the first time, but I thought I would show off some of my Southern politeness and ask again, nicely. "I said, do you know where any gay bars are?" This time, his expression went from disbelief to some form of mortal terror. "Excuse me? What?" And then came the lame excuse to run, "Sorry, this is my stop, sorry." What was odd is that he didn't get off the train, he just moved all the way to the other end of the car.

"...They really couldn't give a flip if you are queer, purple or from Mars, just as long as you eat."

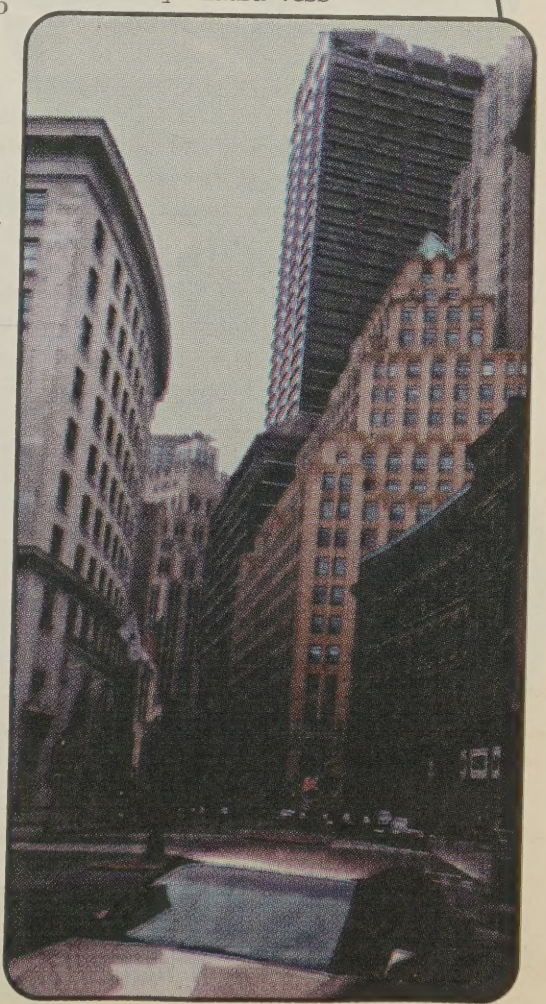
By now I was beginning to get a little desperate. I had already been in Boston two days and my little vacation was hurrying toward an end. I admit, I could have cheated, make a few phone calls to friends or pulled out my little 1-800-GAY-INFO card. But I wanted to find the queer scene like any random visitor who might pop into Boston for a quick night on the town. After digging through the enormous stack of phone books, making odd calls to the local operator (Do you have anything listed with the words queer, gay or rainbow?) and wandering through the freezing cold looking for pink triangles, I was beginning to lose my patience.

Finally, hope came in the form of a dusty, three month old issue of a rag called Bay Windows forgotten in a corner of Borders Books downtown. There, hidden among the political browbeating of local politicians, was a list of gay bars. I think the customer next to me was rather disturbed by my loud proclamation of "Yes! Gay People! Finally!" Little did I know my quest was far from over.

Promptly, I located the nearest T line. Atlanta really needs to learn something major from Boston's subway system, it goes everywhere. I headed out to Lansdowne and Boylston Street, the closest bars on the map. Remember this if you ever go to Boston, never, ever drive. Boston drivers make Atlanta commuters look like they just came out of Driving Miss Daisy. Not to mention, all of the streets are one way, they all go in circles and half the city is under construction for the next five years or so. You just don't want to go there. Unfortunately, when I did reach the right part of town, I got off at the wrong stop and had to walk through a slightly unsavory part of town. However, there were some oddly cool little gardens along Boylston, so it wasn't a total loss. By now it was getting towards ten, and I was freezing my proverbial balls off in the Boston night. Yes, it is true, Boston is really freaking cold, they have snow emergency signs posted on every single street. Finally, after a rather long hike, and many fervent wishes for my leather jacket, I walked up to the front door of Machine/Ramrod.

The bouncer a.k.a. doorman was kind enough to let me in for a quick tour without even charging me a cover. Politeness seems to be a rarity in Boston, so I appreciated that greatly . He was

Photo by: Laura Vess



also kind enough to let me know, in a subtle way, that girls made the regular clientele a little nervous. You just never know who might be hiding from his dear little wifey in a leather bar. I was initially disheartened by the lack of action at the club. I only saw about four guys hanging around and they seemed to be avoiding each other. However, the bartender told me most spots don't even heat up until midnight. While Machine doesn't even compete with the likes of Backstreets, it was a pretty comfortable space and probably a good pick-up joint. The Machine/Ramrod combo offers quite a few areas of interest for even those difficult to please. Ramrod is touted as the premier leather bar in Boston and Machine hosts a damn fine dance floor complete with a DJ that actually seems to know what good music is. Between the two you can also find ample pool tables, video games, a lounging area, several bars and even a bathtub and shoeshine stand. I just couldn't ask about the tub, sorry. I figured out quickly that it wasn't my kind of scene and queried the door guy on where to find some-place with a more mixed crowd. That was when I began to realize why it was so hard to find the gay scene. Not even the gay people in Boston seem to know where to go. The only other club anyone else in the bar knew of was one down the street called Avalon. They had absolutely no idea on where to find a lesbian, if such a thing even existed (and they were looking doubtful).

So I ventured back into the icy night in search of Avalon. Eventually I spotted a very loud neon sign topping a dark building in an alley. Then I started cussing, loudly, because it wasn't open yet. Now, I understand aiming for peak hours, but not being open at 10:30? I did get the low-down later, from a friend that was also visiting. Apparently, they are only open on Fridays and Sundays for the gay crowd and NEVER even open the doors until 11. My little gay boy friend, who showed up fashionably late, says it is a hopping place on Sunday. He described Avalon as a three dance floor, pounding music, hard-core boogie joint with a got to be seen to be believed light show. I'll trust him on that.

I wasn't going to wait around turning my fingers blue, however, and I desperately wanted a beer. I was also feeling rather lonely as the only lesbian I knew of in Boston. So I consulted my tattered bar guide in search of a place that sounded a little more chick-oriented. I decided on SomePlace Else, figuring only a lesbian could come up with a name like that. I hopped back on the T and ventured into Cambridge. Ah, paradise at last. There I found no less than three bars conveniently located within a few blocks of the subway. SomePlace Else turned out to be just the place to crash and have a few drinks. Located upstairs at Ryles, it only hosts girl's night on Sundays. It was a pleasant little joint, geared towards an intimate crowd and featuring local musicians and acts. I was told they have the best poetry slam in Atlanta (The Amazon Poetry Slam in fact) and they make good strong drinks. I know better than to mix my liquor, I really do, sometimes. . .

Next I ventured over to Manray on Brookline Street. I walked in, glanced around a while, walked out. Now, I used be a goth, I'll go ahead and admit it, but I just can't take it anymore. The bartender assured me that they cater to a diverse crowd most of the time, basically anything and everything goes. But there was just too much black and leather for me. Finally, I ended up at Upstairs at the Hideaway, somewhat of a hike, but manageable. It strongly reminded me of the Tower II down here, catering mostly to pool sharks and those out to do some serious drinking. Girl's night in on Thursday and Sunday. The downstairs is geared toward a more straight, umm, shall we say Boston redneck crowd. Not to mention, it is in a slightly scary place (dark alley behind a Dunkin Donuts), but they were really friendly.

Though I intended on crashing a few more bars, I have to say I'd overdone it a bit and thought I was developing frostbite in my toes. Not to mention, the world was a bit tilted, who is going to pass up free drinks when offered? I did get to visit a few more spots on my way out of town the next night I should give a mention. The first is New Words Books, a gay and lesbian shop operating in Cambridge for over 20 years. Pleasantly reminiscent of Charis Books, I immediately liked it and it has a great selection. Before I headed for the long drive to an very early morning flight, I also had the opportunity to eat in a diner so strange, it puts the Majestic to shame. Called Dolly's, most people think it was abandoned and shut down years ago. Truth is, the only way you can tell is by a red spray painted message on the plywood front of the building saying "DOLLY'S IS OPEN." I couldn't pass up a sign like that. I wanted to know who Dolly was and what she was open for. Amazingly enough, even though it looked like a half-demolished ghost town, the fare was quite good. It may also be one of the only places in Boston you can find food after 1 am in the morning. And they really couldn't give a flip if you are queer, purple or from Mars, just as long as you eat. For a weary traveler like me, it was just what I was looking for to relax before heading back to my familiar, banner waving, rainbow stickered home town.

"Boston Drivers make Atlanta commuters look like they just came out of Driving Miss Daisy."

Summer Movie Preview

By: Jon Lupo

Photos: Courtesy of Warner Brothers Entertainment

Wild Wild West

Now that *Star Wars* is finally out, we can have the answer to that burning question. how many dateless geeks does it take to deliver a first weekend box office take equal to the gross national product of a small European country? Though it may seem, as far as event movies, the summer is over (save **Will Smith's** usual July 4 juggernaut with *Wild Wild* West and two **Julia Roberts** movies), there's still three whole months to go. Summer, and by that I mean the best thing about it -- the summer movie season -- is just beginning.

Going gay gracefully

The summer of 1999 looks to be a mini-boom for gay indies, especially if you're a white, middle-class young male. The most high profile pic is Jim Fall's romantic comedy *Trick*. It stars **Christian Campbell** (yes, Neve's brother) and **John Paul Pitoc** as an aspiring composer and a go-go boy, respectively, who catch each other's eye and spend the rest of the movie trying to find a place to have sex. This comedy, an audience favorite at Sundance, also features such diverse talents as **Tori Spelling** and **Clinton Leupp**, aka Miss Coco Peru. *Get Real* and *Edge of 17* offer two different takes on young lads coming out. *Get Real* focuses on a British teen's (**Ben Silverstone**) infatuation with his school's king jock (**Brad Gorton**). *Edge of 17* goes back to the 1980s with **Chris Stafford** throwing open the closet door, most noticeably with the help of everyone's favorite dyke, **Lea Delaria**.

Everyone else who's been there and done that (or who doesn't care) will have to settle for a smattering of small indies like *Better than Chocolate*, a seriocomic story of woman who has to hide her sexuality when her family moves in with her (sounds like a horror movie if you ask me). *Head On* is an Australian import with **Alex Dimitriades** as a junkie who swings both ways in a night of drugs, sex, and frequent full-frontal nudity. Also up is *The Velocity of Gary*, with **Salma Hayek** and **Vincent D'Onofrio** tangling over a shady hustler and *The Adventures of Sebastian Cole*, the tale of a teen coming to terms with his father's transsexuality. **Famke Janssen** co-stars, in what I can only assume is neither role.

Teaching Mrs. Tingle

And then there's **Greg Araki**, whose latest, *Splendor*, promises a queer riff on Jules et Jim. So far, so good -- but so were *The Doom Generation* and *Nowhere*, two intriguing premises undone by Araki's quasi-intellectual, finger-giving posturing. On the good side, it can't be any worse than the omnisexual deviants of 1980's flop-o-rama *Caligula*, which is getting an inexplicable reissue. Scripted by **Gore Vidal**, Penthouse founder **Bob Guccione's** silly softcore "drama" features **Malcolm McDowell**, **Peter O'Toole** and **Helen Mirren**, all apparently having lost some sort of bet. Finally, there's (brace yourselves) *Sigfried & Roy: The Magic Box* (!)...shot in the IMAX format (!!)...in 3-D (!!!). This is, sadly, not a joke.

A straight face

A number of gay actors and directors will be making their rounds in non-queer roles this summer. **Rupert Everett**, already seen in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, will pop up in **Oliver Parker's** (Othello) version of *Oscar Wilde's An Ideal Husband*. If Rupert + Oscar isn't enough, the comedy of manners also stars **Cate Blanchett**, **Julianne Moore** and **Minnie Driver**. Everett one-ups his kiddie-movie villain turn in *Dunston Checks In* with the more high-profile baddie -- Dr. Claw -- the nemesis of **Matthew Broderick's** *Inspector Gadget*. **Andy Dick** (Newsradio) co-stars.

Newly out writer **Kevin Williamson** (*Scream, Dawson's Creek*) tackles his first directing gig with the black comedy *Killing Mrs. Tingle*. **Katie Holmes** (Go) is a student who takes the school's most-hated teacher (**Helen Mirren**) hostage when Holmes' scholarship is in danger due to a lousy grade. **Molly Ringwald** and **Vivica A. Fox** co-star. The bad news: Disney's latest animated opus, *Tarzan*, features the music of **Phil Collins**; that is, Phil singing nearly every song in the movie not just on the pop soundtrack. Good news: *Tarzan* features the voice talents of **Nigel Hawthorne** (*The Madness of King George*), **Glenn Close**, **Minnie Driver**, **Tony Goldwyn**, and **Rosie O'Donnell** -- who, naturally, gets to sing her own song. And though *South Park* co-creators **Trey Parker** and **Matt Stone** aren't gay, last year's longest and wettest french kiss was delivered by the pair in the otherwise abysmal *Baseketball*, so that makes them honorary members. The voices of **Parker**, **Stone**, **Issac Hayes**, and one hopes Big Gay Al, will all be on the big screen in *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut*.

"Now that Star Wars is finally out, we can have the answer to that burning question: how many dateless geeks does it take to deliver a first weekend box office take equal to the gross national product of a small european country?"

Five to see

Forget *Star Wars* hype; the real high stakes expectations are for **Stanley Kubrick's** final film, *Eyes Wide Shut*. What strikes me about all the hoopla surrounding the film's supposed steamy sex is that people seem to forget Kubrick is one of the least "sexiest" directors ever (he makes **Spielberg** look like **Adrian Lyne**). While I don't doubt there will plenty of Tom and Nicole nudity, I suspect the whole film will be more of a head trip than an actual orgy. **Sharon Stone**, on the other hand, has been fully clothed in her last few films (and I don't mean just in her cloak of Serious Actress). She's back in the buff for **Albert Brooks**' new comedy *The Muse*. Playing the literal daughter of Zeus who inspires Brooks' blocked screenwriter, Stone's first comedy since *Diabolique* also features **Jeff Bridges**, **Andie MacDowell** as well as cameos by directors **Martin Scorsese**, **Rob Reiner** and **James Cameron**.

One director not appearing in *The Muse* is **Spike Lee**, who was no doubt busy working on his latest, *The Summer of Sam*. Zeroing in the hot, fearful summer of 1977, when the serial killer **David Berkowitz** terrorized a Bronx neighborhood, this ensemble thriller stars **John Leguizamo**, **Mira Sorvino** and **Patti Lupone** among others. Lee has to be one of movie's most frustratingly erratic directors, with his talents and flaws usually colliding head on in nearly every film (as in his most recent flick, *He Got Game*). But those good, often great things are almost always worth the bad stuff. Another kind of horror awaits the unknown cast of the indie thriller T*he Blair Witch Project*. In undoubtedly the year's best trailer, a young woman tapes a brief, frantic message on a camcorder, apologizing to the mothers of her friends for....? The only thing known is that a group of film students goes into the woods to follow up on a local supernatural urban legend and all that's left of them are videotapes detailing what happened. But what happened is unknown. Confused? A little disturbed? Me too. I can't wait to see it.

If the idea of *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*, which features characters named **Robin Swallows** and **Ivana Humpalot**, doesn't make you crack a smile, you'll probably want to avoid *Mystery Men*. Based on an eponymous cult comic book, Men features a rag-tag of loser superheroes like Mr. Furious (**Ben Stiller**), who's just really, really angry, The Bowler (**Janeane Garofalo**), who bowls and Wiliam H. Macy's The Shoveler, who, you guessed it, shovels. **Paul Reubens**, **Hank Azaria**, **Greg Kinnear** and **Kel Mitchell** join in to fight the arch-villain Casanova Frankenstein (**Geoffrey Rush** -- far, far away from Shine).

An Ideal Husband

Now if none of these suggestions are up your alley, there's still well over 100 other releases jamming into multiplexes and art houses alike over the next few months. Of course, they're mostly movies like...Yahoo Serious' triumphant return to the screen, *Mr. Accident*. Featuring Serious' zany adventures with aliens, girls and an egg-processing plant, this movie left me with one question: do you think the makers of that Sigfried & Roy movie are backing this one just to deflect attention? You have been warned.

Smokin in the Park

Photos: Debby Riviera

By: Christina Allen

Saturday, May 1, 1999, the Million Marijuana March (MMM), drew supporters from various states to Piedmont Park in Atlanta. Sponsors, guests, and musicians attended, voicing an array of opinions. The turnout, though positive, was a reflection of social awareness, or the lack thereof, of the effects of cannabis.

This year's festival kicked off with a march from Ponce de Leon Ave., up Juniper Street to Piedmont Park. An estimated 3,000 supporters showed for this "Liberation Day." These figures are a great deal lower, considering that in 1995 an estimated 30,000 were in attendance. In 1993 and '94, the figures were 25,000 in attendance. Paul Cornwell, the local organizer and National Coordinator of CAMP (Coalition for the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition), stated that Atlanta Mayor, Bill Campbell, was greatly at fault. He stated that strategies were being used to detour supporters from the annual rally, such as police searches on individuals entering the park.

"This is a direct violation of peoples' rights, I know they are under the order of Bill Campbell, and I don't trust that fascist pig.," stated Cornwell. Police officers alike, stated that they were just doing their jobs by being present. "This event seems to be under control, but if there's marijuana smoking going on, by law, I'm governed to enforce the laws. I have no problems with the event or any personal vendettas whatsoever," D.T. Stribbling, Atlanta Policeman.

Another factor to consider was the entertainment for this venue. Guest speakers included: MMM Co-Coordinator, Kenneth Elzer; Kentucky governor candidate, Gatewood Gallbreath; Activist, Michael Collins; Writer, Stephen Gaskins, and others. Music was provided by Kevin Kenny from the group Drivin' and

Photo: Charla Teeters

Cryin'.

Previously, groups such as Cypress Hill, Da Bratt, and Outcast supportively performed at the event. "This is the reason we haven't been out here, we need stage cover and amenities for the crowd," Cornwell replied. Regardless of the chosen entertainers, or police security procedures, cannabis has greater issues to face. Correction facilities, politics, medicine, and other issues have proven to be largely affected by cannabis. Studies show that in the United States, 675,000 are arrested for marijuana in one year. Steven Gaskins, writer and activist, stated that in 1973 he was charged and incarcerated for possession of marijuana. He served 18 months; meanwhile someone in his neighborhood was charged with murder and released only 30 days after Gaskins.

Drug penalties alone have driven up the incarceration rate 40 percent in the United States. In some cities the figures are as high as 65 percent. These numbers are not far-fetched, according to Kenneth Elzer.

"I took an interest in the cause after a personal experience. On June 30, 1993, at 9:30 PM, 15 cops busted in my house to take me to jail for two grams of marijuana," stated Elzer. He was later sentenced to 18 months of supervised probation, 18 months of urine tests (his cost), and an open door drug treatment program, at his cost as well. Though the amount of marijuana was two grams, his sentence was light and his personal costs were the heavier of the two.

Sentencing as well as fees and fines have been at the frontlines of political scrutiny for Georgia in previous years. In the spring of 1994, former Bleckly County Sheriff, Ed Coley, was sentenced to two years when brought up on charges of conspiracy to sell marijuana. Raising money to fund an informant's defense for robbery charges was the sheriff's intent. Two months later Cobb County District Attorney Tom Charron approved a deal that gave a drug convict a lenient sentence if they donated $200,000 to the county narcotics unit. This was later discovered and rebuked by the state Attorney General. Elzer was subjected to probation, costly urine tests and treatment that he fulfilled, but continues to fight the laws which hinder him. Congressman Barr added a rider to the 1999 budget bill that prohibits any spending on marijuana initiatives that would reduce penalties for offenders.

Political and legal roadblocks continue the battle with medical research, development, and treatment with the use of cannabis. American and British chemists such as Sigmund Lowe and Roger Adams studied the pharmacology of cannabis in the 1940's and 1950's. After 1937, when the federal ban on marijuana was imposed, the research became of little importance to the masses.

The US government prohibits medical research using whole cannabis. Under Ronald Reagan's command, the White House Drug Czar's office assumed effective control of all cannabinoid research, though recent research developments have proven positive. "Compared with other licit social drugs, such as alcohol, tobacco and caffeine, marijuana does not pose greater risks," according to Stanford University's Leo Hollister, of the School of Medicine. Benefit has also been proven in a study performed by the National Toxicology Project, on behalf of the National Institutes of Health. For two years consecutively, 120 rats were given enormous doses of THC (tetrahydrocannabinol). It was injected directly into the rats' stomachs each day for the equivalent of a rat's lifetime. After the study was completed the THC-treated rats had less tumors than the untreated rats, as reported in an issue of Fundamentals of Applied Toxicology. Paul Cornwell stated he is calling for government to heal the sick, and release the medicine by permitting doctors the authority to treat patients with cannabis. This reason along with the previously stated issues are the reasons that activists and supporters alike push for marijuana legalization. "We are losing our rights and living in a police state, and someone has to stand up," according to Cornwell.

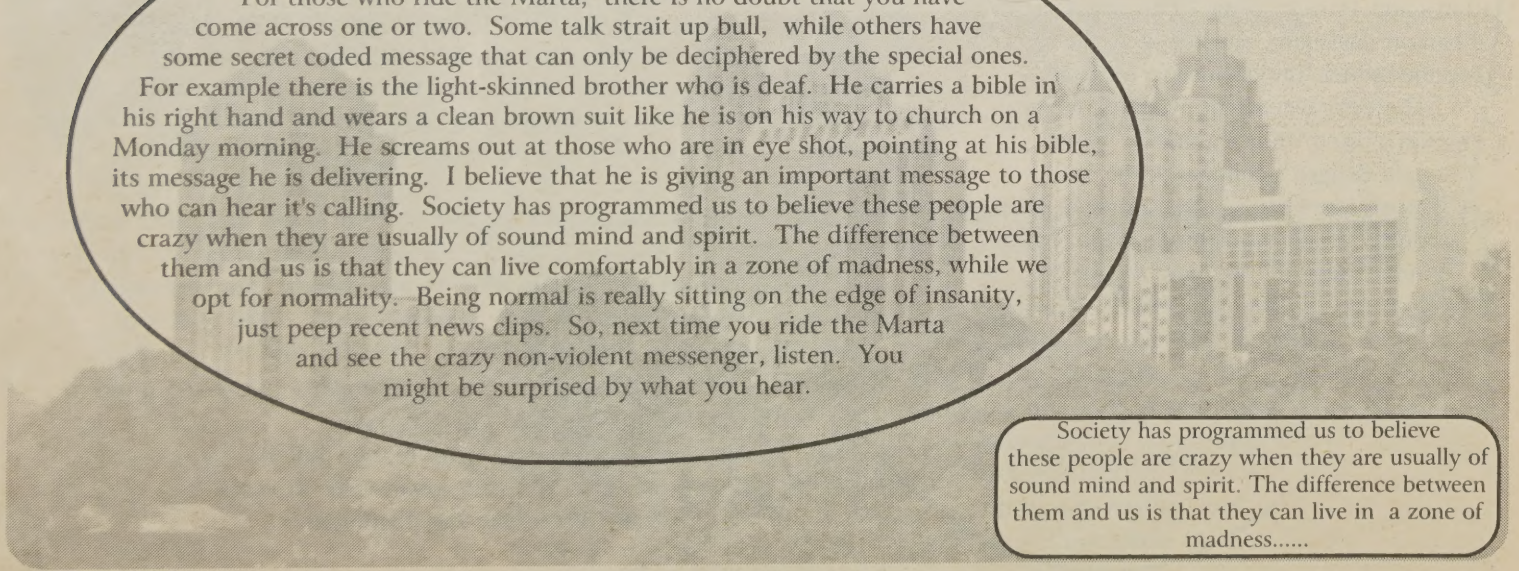
The march was peaceful, but the numbers are down in Atlanta, even with growing issues affecting everyone. The march, started in 1978 in New York City, has grown to a 25 city plus statute, though marchers stated they don't plan to give up on their plans and goals. "My goal is to make thousands more replicas like me. America was set up by free people for free people, but the poor and underprivileged seem to be the only ones suffering," says Cornwell.

Organizers are currently planning the Million Marijuana March for the year 2000. It is set to take place May 7 in Piedmont Park.

SANITY WATCH

By: Tamira Onfray

A few weeks ago I found myself on the luxurious and peaceful Marta. I got on at Brookhaven station and took a seat as I usually do. A few rows behind me were two men arguing. As the argument escalated to near verbal violence, the words I heard became more interesting. The reason for the argument started because another rider decided to wipe of his golf irons. The man across from him questioned why he felt the need to clean his golf iron on the train. That pissed the man off and a classic educational assault began. The man, we'll call him Ernie, yelled at the other man, who we will name Burt, what was the big deal about him shining his stuff. What was the problem? Burt decided to leave the man alone after Ernie started raving. Ernie was pumped now and there was no stopping. Like a Stephen King truck, the man headed for verbal destruction. Ernie went on to question the man, asking him if he were white, would he say anything about a white man shining off his golf pieces. After this statement, Ernie stood up, picked up one of his golf clubs and tried to swing it at Burt. Ernie told the man that if he dared to pick up even a butter knife, Burt would get stomped to the ground. By this point, other passengers are looking at Burt and Ernie as if Big Bird stepped onto the train and started shake dancing. Everybody is looking cross-eyed and bugged out at this theatrical freestyle. Ernie sits back down after that and, staring out at the gawkers, tells us this: " We go to work everyday for the white man. We work hard everyday for pennies. White folks don't care nothing about yall. You think white folks care about you Negros? I got me a friend from India and he tells me what White folks think about us when they eat their dinner. They say, those blacks are so loud, those blacks are so dangerous, those blacks this and those blacks that. Black folks in Atlanta are some of the scariest people. We don't speak up for ourselves until it is too late. When Martin Luther King died, all we said was oh, well, they done killed Dr. King. I gots to go to work now. And what about Freaknic? This city don't want a bunch of young Negroes in the streets! I'll tell you what though, White folks can go out to Piedmont Park and smoke weed. Now ain't that something"..... The man continued to go on and on about the tender race relations between white and black folks and make the few white passengers on the train uncomfortable. I personally thought the man was specifically placed on that train at that time to deliver a message. Crazy is not a bad word, although some would call Ernie the craziest. He was a live hip hop beat, pulsing with anger and devotion. There are a lot of crazies in Atlanta. For those who ride the Marta, there is no doubt that you have come across one or two. Some talk strait up bull, while others have some secret coded message that can only be deciphered by the special ones. For example there is the light-skinned brother who is deaf. He carries a bible in his right hand and wears a clean brown suit like he is on his way to church on a Monday morning. He screams out at those who are in eye shot, pointing at his bible, its message he is delivering. I believe that he is giving an important message to those who can hear it's calling. Society has programmed us to believe these people are crazy when they are usually of sound mind and spirit. The difference between them and us is that they can live comfortably in a zone of madness, while we opt for normality. Being normal is really sitting on the edge of insanity, just peep recent news clips. So, next time you ride the Marta and see the crazy non-violent messenger, listen. You might be surprised by what you hear.



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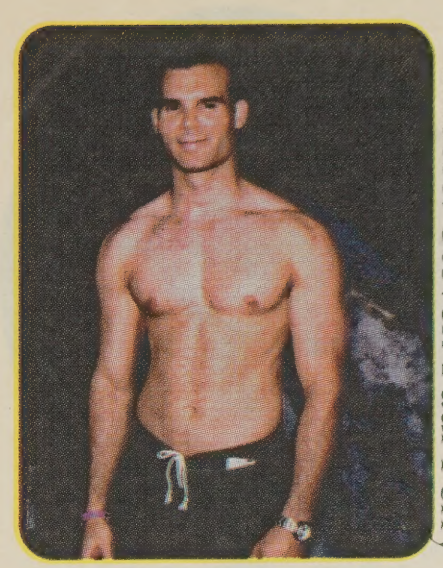


Photos: Steven Paul Perry

By: Audese Green

The Circuit Comes to Town

THE EVENT

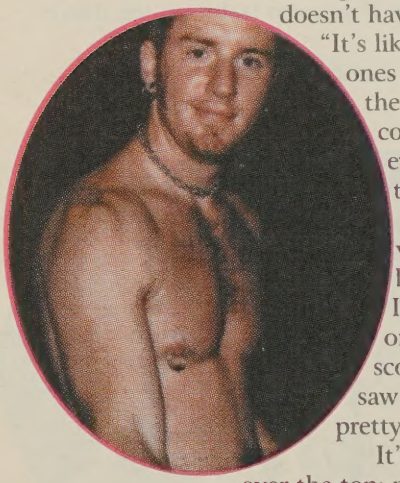
And everyone is looking for the big top.

At 2 A.M. on any given Saturday night, when the typical partier is close to calling it a night, a circuit boy is just getting started. And you never realize how cruel the sun can be until you're leaving a venue that's just hosted a circuit function -- the next afternoon. Staying out all night is not exclusive to this crowd, but what separates the men from the boys is that the time elapsed is spent almost entirely partying.

"Gay bars will do, but ask somebody who parties circuit-style: it's partying on training wheels"

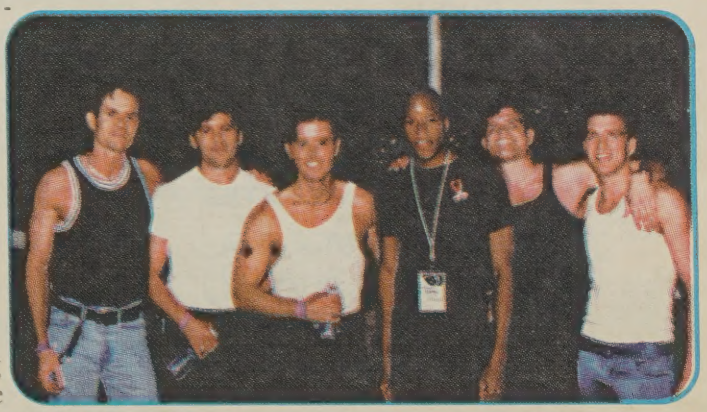
For those who know very little about the circuit scene, it's difficult to make a clear distinction from ordinary gay clubs and events -- being that they share the same components: house music and beautiful boys. Basically, it's a happening where everyone feels vibrant and beautiful, and they want every soul around them to feel the same way. Above all, it is a mentality.

John Alvarado explained the attraction this way: "I think it's an escape for us -- gay people, and that we can be together and travel and meet new people. And another [appeal] is the music. Atlanta doesn't have very good music on the radio, and with this we can hear what we want to hear. "It's like it is [its own] club ... like a fraternity." It is a scene where DJs are vital, and good ones can be celebrities. The standard for the music is comparatively much higher, and when the DJ blows, the venom will come. Music is a hand-in-hand element to the drug Ecstasy, commonly called X. Indeed, you'll find a mixed salad of pills and powders, but X seems to be everyone's drug primer. While some circuit events reach enormous capacities -- sometimes in the thousands -- it is still merely another subculture of the gay community.

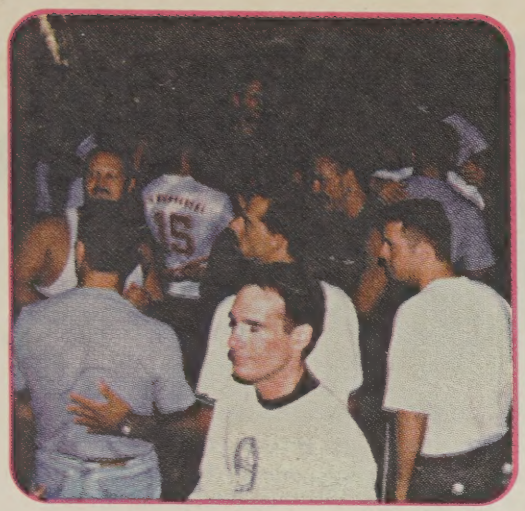


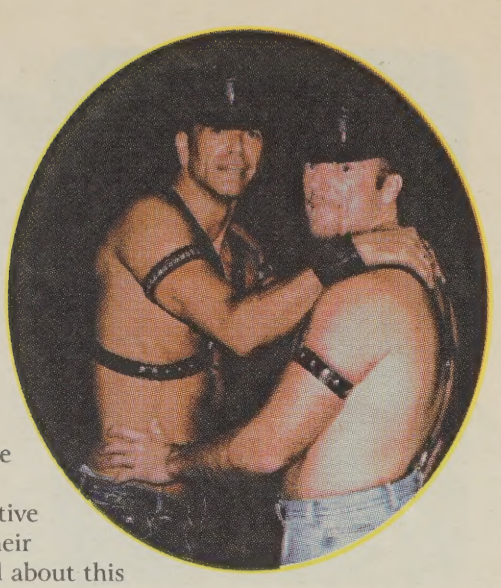
The profile of the average partier is much like the usual gay stereotype -- very male and very white. But as with any subculture, there will always be a typical face. Fortunately, it's no big task to find black faces, female faces, Asian and Hispanic faces, all smiling -- and rolling... In Atlanta, it's easy to feel very much a part of the picture without actually ever attending an official event; this is a city with a flourishing circuit identity of its own. For example, when scores of locals caught planes to Miami for The White Party in March, the Warehouse 960 barely saw a dent in its crowd that weekend. And when a recent event in Nashville failed financially, it pretty much confirmed that having a strong gay community is necessary.

It's pretty easy to recognize a circuit crowd if you've seen at least one. Decorations are often over-the-top; men are by-and-large shirtless. But what's most appealing to circuit crowds is what's not so tangible: intense positive energy; no inhibitions and -- good or bad -- drug-induced euphoria. Despite the fact that many organizers tend to downplay a basic truth about these parties -- and it's hard to blame them -- this entity would not exist without the drugs. The parties do raise big dollars for numerous charities, but the fund-raising is a seemingly secondary aspect. The irony is that the events, which largely support AIDS charities, now make sure to educate on how to avoid high-risk behavior -- while partying at their events.



AID Atlanta's Alan Dowell represented the organization at the recent "A Change of Seasons" event, and promoted the PARTY Project, which is committed to teaching responsible partying. "Through the PARTY Project, [Partying/AIDS/Risk/Treatment & You], we published a





brochure called Drugs in Partyland: Think Through the Buzz," he said. "There's a section on recreational drug use and its interaction with HIV medication, and people who are partying and are positive [may not] know that it's interacting with their medication." So there is a dichotomy to the spectrum; what's so good about this life is also what's evil about it; the key is not to become so consumed by the evils of the circuit scene that you're desensitized to what drew you to circuit life in the first place.

THE MUSIC

Even DJs struggle to label what circuit music is. You'll get a faster response to what isn't circuit music. Atlantans like their house music happy and trippy. They like actual vocals -- a genuine song, basically. Club 69's remix of Cher's "Believe," was a proven staple this Spring. Currently, titles like "Body," "How Do You Feel?" and "This Joy" confirm that most circuit anthems need a wailing black diva. There's not much room for pedestrian remixes; tunes that spin the most usually exceed the conventional treatment, successfully merging the ethereal with the funky. Local DJ Brett Long gave a broad explanation for how a club hit can become a circuit anthem. "To me, it's a good song that gets an emotional reaction out of the crowd. And if the people are happy and dancing, it could be a wide variety of different music, but it depends on what the crowd likes." He added, "If the crowd doesn't like it then I probably wouldn't play it again. If you can feel it on the dance floor, you can certainly sense that from the dance floor."

THE DRUGS

Party drugs are integral to the scene, and after a night of X, K (Ketamine, an animal tranquilizer) or the controversial GHB interacting with your human chemical makeup, it is a chore to walk away from that kind of intensity. Some bring the club home with them for "sketch parties," which is risky because that's precisely how the party life can infiltrate your regular routine. All drug-encompassed subcultures have their own language. Examples of regular circuit drug terms include: sketchy or twisted (both meaning scatterbrained); swirl (refers to GHB); rolling (the climactic phase of X); tina (common nickname for crystal methamphetamine). The drug issue certainly is a double-edged sword. While by simply dropping pills to feel like an omnibenevolent love-god, you could feel the exact opposite two days later; X is an amphetamine and occasionally may cause a person to question the benefits to the scene; usually, it is a very temporary condition.

Indeed you'll find a mixed salad of pills and powders, but X seems to be everyone's drug primer.

THE MEN

This sort of partying could potentially be construed as careless, but many of the people there are absolute professionals -- attorneys, doctors, publishers, educators, etc. -- who maintain control of their careers. A lot of them fit the arguably offensive profile, A-gay or A-list men, guys who seem to be the complete package; gainfully employed, degreed, physically fit and extraordinarily attractive. But drugs are very much a part of their social identity, and these men often date people with a common background -- that is, those who would rather not stay single.

raise

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Health Issues

By: Dr. Pam Jarboe

A Column brought to you by Dr. Pam Jarboe. Dr. Pam is a chiropractor in Sandy Springs at the Center for Well Being. She is dedicated to educating people about opportunities for greater health in order to enhance your quality of life... Naturally.

Ritalin usage has increased 600%. 200 million kids are on it. It takes a chemist to tell the difference between cocaine and Ritaling. The affects are the same as cocaine. They are mind altering and potentially addictive drugs.
Rocky Mountain News 6/9/97

Cellular phones and the waves associated with them showed that mice were 2 times as likely to get cancer.
NY Crenson 5/9/97

Because this paper is dedicated mainly to music, I wanted my first column to speak about ways to get connected with our inherent rhythms. Because of the way we live today with artificial lighting, artificial food, erratic sleep schedules, high work schedule demands, cell phones, beepers, and television, etc. we have a tendency to become disconnected with our bodies and our natural rhythms. I have observed clinically that many patients have difficulty being aware of their own bodies and their needs.

My son, Jackson, a vibrant 4 year old, is definitely in touch with his body rhythms. He wakes up at the same time every day and mostly retires the same time each evening. He has a routine or rhythm to each day...he cannot eat right when he wakes up, he likes to wait about a half hour. He eats lunch about three hours later, rests, and must have a snack upon rising...has his highest energy time etc. Dinner is served 3 hours after that and then there is the end of the day snack check. If his internal clock is not being met, EVERYBODY knows about it.

What does his daily rhythm have to do with you and your health? Well, my son's rhythm is based on his internal cues. For most people this is not true. External cues like our job, our family schedules, or school times dictate our sleep and eating patterns. We grab food on the go. We eat because it is time to eat, not because we are hungry. We rise in the morning not because we are rested but because of our work and our school schedules.

Jackson has taught me so much about my health over the last five years. One day I woke him early to go to the airport. That will be the last time I book an early morning flight. He was so over-tired and I didn't prepare breakfast because it was so early and I paid for that for two days. My point being is that we do not perform our best when we are disconnected from our rhythms. We are sluggish, dull, and grumpy. Just like Jackson. He took two days to recover from one day of "rhythm interrupt." How long has your rhythm been interrupted? What can you do to listen more deeply to your internal song?

As a general rule this concept is more challenging for men than women. Most men have been taught from a young age to push beyond their bodies' limit. It is our cultural "story" that a man is more manly who can withstand lots of pain. Hence, the popular phrase...No Pain. No Gain. A woman has an experience of connecting with her rhythm through her monthly cycle. Although, many women experience a manufactured rhythm if they choose the pill as birth control, which is another example of an external cue dictating an internal rhythm.

As we become more connected with our internal rhythm, society changes. Just as in a song, each individual note is instrumental (pun intended!) in creating the entire movement of the song. So help yourself, help the planet and get connected to the rhythm in you.

For more information regarding this topic I recommend the book The Twelve Stages of Healing by Dr. Donald Epstein. In this book he describes the twelve comon rhythms experienced by all people.

To find out about free classes in the art of connecting with your natural rhythms, contact Beth at the Center for Well Being, (404) 459-0166.

The top 4 leading causes of death in the USA

1. Heart attack
2. Stroke
3. Cancer
4. **Medicine**

Newsweek

The United States ranks 25th in infant mortality according to a 1996 **Unicef** Study.

In 1982 the State of California completed the largest study ever undertaken on the root cause of crime and violence. The number one cause was found to medical interference with childbirth in our hospitals
(Robbins, Reclaiming our Health 35)

Trends in the Media

By: Chris Lake

News lately seems to be following a trend. There is an overwhelming sense of massive turmoil in the air...NATO accidentally bombed the Chinese embassy, a tornado ripped though Oklahoma and tons of refugees continue to pour out of Albania.

The Knicks whoop up on the heat by nearly twenty points. It was a 95-75 final score of game on in the playoff series. The Heat played tough, but it just wasn't enough considering a twenty-point lead in all actuality is comparative to beating a dog with a twig or a branch.

Meanwhile at Tinker Air Force Base in Oklahoma, President Clinton was roaming around the countryside assessing the mass destruction brought about by the tornado. Over fifty people died in four states due to the storm last week. It is comforting to know that there are true "natural" disasters--that all extreme injustices aren't just the result of society or governments. Yup, you can rest easy knowing that there is no one to blame for this one.

When the President returns home from Oklahoma, he's up for another drug test. Nothing serious, just a mandatory drug screening required by law. I feel Clinton isn't sweating this one for a second. There aren't a lot of strong drugs being used in Washington anymore. So what drugs are they testing for? Prozac or Valium is definitely a good example of what's showing up, but what about GHB or crack cocaine? There will never be an incident of the President going down on a drug test; it looks too bad on the legal drug market. "If the President uses them they must be good drugs," came from a bystander at the marijuana rally last week. The President could be a sort of spokesperson for Lithium--paving the way for a multibillion-dollar industry to capture the heart of America--one prescription at a time.

"May cause nose-bleed, nausea, or migraine headaches"--sound familiar? This line appears on a commercial for a prescription allergy medication. Well, give me fourteen prescriptions then, anything to get rid of this stuffy nose; how can blood pass through if it's stuffy? Migraine, vomit, bleeding, what's next.

There are drugs capable of growing a hard layer of skin over your penis or a thick, super-unnatural layer of leather over your butt cheeks. Why? Because it is better than dying of a headache in your own blood and vomit. On a glamour scale, modern designer prescription drugs just don't rank up. All things shouldn't have a pill to help cope; learning how to cope is a practice long gone alongside Andy Griffith and Nixon.

"Anything's possible." More times than not that statement ends up in tragedy. They're cloning organs to replace human organs. The testicles of monkeys are being made to wither and fall off with new medicines. Starving third world children are being lined up to be transformed into UPN's sitcom child actors. I'm not in favor of these oddities; some things are best left in the rain forests. There are always a couple of mad professors who insist on punishing common sense. There are also the wars on drugs, sex and freethinking. This is all being handled oh-so-well by our comrades in the War House, whoops, I meant the White House, who have seized the reigns on everything except for what really matters, like Kosovo or NATO's negligence.

And how about the national debt; it's at a new, unfathomable level...and Clinton couldn't be less concerned; he'll be long gone by the time the debt hits. So whom will Bill leave it on? My guess would be little George Bush or Gore, two men even less prepared to handle it than he was. What they need is some of the know-how of these prescription drug marketers. If you can sell pain and vomit to someone who already feels like crap then you're the man for the national debt crisis. But who cares...Bubba wouldn't miss a second of jogging time to truly concern himself with the debt; it's just not priority when it could be another generation's problem. Bill would be pimping one of his dogs in Burbank when it comes down. So I hope we are all looking forward to another decade of ironfisted Republican superiority. George Bush's son is in the light, so what now, another Bush is going to gain national attention due to the bad press of preceding opponents. Why is it when one party looks bad the other party takes on a whole new light in the collective unconscious of America? People need the feeling of flawlessness, a sense of the supreme right answer.

But like a mother cat eating its afterbirth, we continue to eat disgusting swill of our own free will. Our political leaders will continue to carry out the prophecy of the Apocalypse and we'll all be at home waiting for re-reruns of Seinfeld.

By: Laura Vess

Surviving AIDS

The first thing you notice about walking into the AIDS Survival Project building is how comfortable it is. No, the furniture isn't new and the walls might need some fresh paint, but it feels safe and very welcoming. A security guard is posted at the front door, signing people in and out with a cheerful hello and helpful directions on where to find the office you are looking for. Once inside, everyone you pass in the hall has a smile and a "how you doing?" that actually sounds sincere. They don't care who you are or what your orientation may be, they are just happy to see you. It feels a great deal like a home, one where everyone is supportive and understanding and wants to know how you feel and what you need. In truth, that is what the AIDS Survival Project is all about: help, support and understanding.

Jeff Graham, executive director of ASP, says, "We try to provide people with the tools they need to live with the challenges of HIV infection." In ASP, the most vital of these tools is love, for yourself and for others. The ultimate goal of all AIDS programs is to find a cure for the disease, and for now, to extend and improve the lives of those living with HIV, however, ASP wants to go deeper than that. "Positive attitude has been shown to really make a difference in a person's health, it is crucial, there have been studies that have proven that," Graham says. "It is a philosophy we've had since the agency was formed in 1987." It is vital for the person living with HIV to realize "being a survivor is not necessarily just a longevity thing," says Graham. "The way we define a survivor is someone who is able to incorporate the challenges of HIV infection into their lives successfully. So when we talk about surviving, it is being in charge of the disease instead of the disease being in charge of you." The numbers are brutal, 16,000 people are infected with HIV each day. The truth is worse. "The reality of HIV infection, even with so much hope, so much promise is that some people will not respond to medications and people are still dying of AIDS. So that is why, when I talk about AIDS survivorship, I try to make it clear that it is a philosophy towards living your life just as much as it is about extending yourlife."

"...16,000 people are infected with HIV each day. The truth is worse. The reality of HIV infection, even with so much hope, so much promise, is that people will not respond to medications and people are still dying of AIDS."

This is where the AIDS Survival Project comes in. By providing services like peer counseling and a volunteer created treatment resource center, ASP allows those with HIV to learn in depth about the disease from people who actually have it. Being able to speak personally with those who know exactly what you are going through is a very valuable method of support. "This allows someone with HIV to be educated on all of their options by someone who has been there and can help them know how to make the most of what is available to them. Being educated and empowered to speak on your own behalf. This extends a person's life and keeps a person healthy."

This philosophy of people surviving HIV helping others survive HIV is what ASP is based on. "We've always been an Atlanta based organization, but we actually had a different name when we were formed," says Graham. In 1987, they were created as the Atlanta Chapter of the National Association of People With AIDS. "We changed our name in 1994 for a couple of reasons. One was because we have really always been an independent organization and with the name being the same as the national organization, that led to some confusion that we answer to a group in Washington." This was something ASP wanted to avoid. ASP was formed to serve the community on a personal basis, free from government regulations or corporate decisions. Graham also states "we felt that we wanted a name that really put out what our philosophy on the disease was." When they made this decision, it was before combination therapies were widely in use, even before protease inhibitors were approved, so their new namewas a serious statement. According to Graham, "it showed that we believed in survival and that people with HIV and people affected by it, loved ones, family, friends and care givers, they are alsoinvolved in all of this. The AIDS Survival Project was a place where people could go and work together as individuals and as a community towards keeping people healthy and extending their lives."

The most important aspect of ASP is providing information to this community to help them achieve this goal. "We are here to make sure the community is informed," Graham says. For instance, "if folks have problems communicating with their health care provider, through our peer counseling program we give them the tools so that they can advocate for their own best interests. We give them tips and pointers if they want to stay with that provider, on what questions to ask, how to ask them and how to get the answers. And if for some reason they can't communicate, to help them find different providers." ASP's nationally known Treatment Resource Center is a big part of this. "Folks without

Photo: Jas Maddox

medical degrees can come here to find out about treatment information on HIV infection and opportunistic infections, on clinical trials, experimental drugs as well as all the drugs that are currently in clinical practice. We also have one of the most comprehensive collections of alternative or complimentary therapies of any research center of its type in the country." They also provide Spanish translations and can schedule time with a Spanish interpreter if needed. The most unique feature of the resource center, according to Graham, is "it was built from the ground up by people living with HIV. So it has a real specific, user-friendly atmosphere to it that other places might not have."

Advocacy is also a major part of ASP's approach. Currently, the Grady Hospital price hike on prescriptions and clinic visits are a primary issue. "The Grady price hike is going to have a great effect on the AIDS community," says Graham. "So far, we have been promised by Grady Hospital that anti-retroviral medications won't be affected, people will still have access to those. But if you look at the population that seeks services at Grady, they tend to be people who have more advanced stages of AIDS, so they are a little bit sicker, they are at greater risk of contracting opportunistic infections. All of those medications to treat or prevent those infections, none of those will be paid for, folks will have to pay that out of pocket." This could have serious repercussions for Grady patients, who typically have a lower income and are without private insurance. "Where is all that money going to come from?" Graham wants to know. "That is going to have a disastrous effect on people's lives. It's not just people with HIV and AIDS, it is everybody. Lots of everyday people, lesbians and gay men, the whole gambit of our society is going to be people who access services at Grady. We are out there trying tomake sure that policy never goes into effect." And while $10 dollar prescriptions and $5 clinic visits may not sound like a lot, it adds up. Graham points out "anybody would be scared when told they are going to have a two to three thousand dollar increase in medical expenses," and this is what HIV patients and many others are facing.

What the AIDS Survival Project gives to the community, the community gives back."Most of our funding comes from individuals or private sector contributions, like Brushstrokes or Patient's Pharmacy," says Graham. "Because we do a lot of advocacy action, we choose not to have too much government funding because that can limit our ability to do some of our advocacy." It isn't all business types that help raise money for the project though. ASP holds some of the best fund-raisers around for the average Joe. "We do everything from small benefits and fund-raisers such as a shopping night at East Atlanta Village, to larger events like Atlanta Celebrates the Tonys that we do in conjunction with CBS Atlanta, the Mastercard Broadway Series and the Atlanta Coalition of Theaters." This live viewing of the Tony Awards, with a silent auction and locally know hosts will happen on June 5th at the Sheraton Holiday Hotel. Tickets are $50 dollars and Graham promises it is worth it. The AIDS Survival Project is also the beneficiary of one of the sweetest circuit parties around, Change of Seasons. Graham says this year's event was "a great success, though we don't have the figures in yet, those are a wonderful group of people to work with." They also hosted the annual Wigwood event at the Metro on May 16, which we all know is most freaky fun you can have on a night in Atlanta.

You can contact the AIDS Survival Project at 404-874-7926 or just drop by at 828 West Peachtree Street between Fifth and Sixth Street. They are open from 10-5, Monday through Friday.

The greatest part about a program like the AIDS Survival Project is the success stories, but ASP's success has left Jeff Graham with one big wish this year. "One of the offshoots of people being healthier and doing better is that a large number of our volunteers are going back to school, getting full-time jobs, making career changes. Which is wonderful! That's what we are here to do and we really celebrate that." However, Graham sighs, "it leaves us with a lack of volunteers. Especially those who are HIV+, though anyone can volunteer for the agency, really peer counseling is such a cornerstone of what we do here." So Graham would love to see some more friendly people walking through his front doors, especially those who would like to be peer counselors. "The only requirement for that position is to be HIV+," he says. Where else are you going to find people who not only don't discriminate based on your HIV status, but in fact, think of it simply as a plus?

Poetry Corner

Compiled by: Christina Allen

TOUCH AND FEEL

Author: Christina Allen

ARMS INTERLOCKED
SPIRITS INTERTWINED
EACH MOVEMENT MORE EROTIC
THEN THE LAST
BUT NOT
THE LAST
TOUCH OF YOUR HAND
LIPS ON YOUR BROW
MINDFUL SHORT STORIES
IMAGINE FEELING YOU RIGHT NOW
CAUSE I AM INDEED
FEELING YOU RIGHT NOW
YES, NOW IS THE TIME
THAT WE BECOME ONE
I'LL GIVE YOU ALL OF ME
IF YOU SAY THAT YOU ARE MINE
AS OUR MINDS INTERLOCK
AND OUR HEARTS INTERTWINE
FEEL OUR HEARTS INTERTWINE.

Photo: Debby Riviera

Author: Christina Allen

SOUL ON FIRE & ICE

SOMETIMES THE LOVE OF LIFE
CAN BE SO COLD
AS I WATCH THE SOULS ON ICE
WITH THEIR STORED-UP PAIN.
LIFE CAN GET SO OLD - WITHOUT RELEASE
SPIRITS IN BONDAGE, BODIES RUNNING
FREE,
AS THE SOULS ON ICE
AIMLESSLY WANDER INTO AN ABYSMAL SEA,
FULL OF FROZEN, BROKEN BLOCKS.
THIS LIFE DISINTEGRATES QUICKLY
UNTIL THE ICE FISHERMAN
SOUND AND PROPHETIC,
ENCOUNTERS THE SPIRIT OF
A DEAD SEA RESIDENT WITH A LINE
TRULY CATCHING;
REELED CLOSER AND CLOSER
TO THE INFINITE
AND UNCHANGING LIGHT OF THE SUN.
WARMING THE NEW CAVITIES
TRAVELING ON ICE - WAITING TO CATCH
THEIR FIRST FISH...

NEW BEGINNING

Author: Debby Riviera

I come to you now after years apart.
After so much shame and unhappiness
I preset you with this...
the only thing left of me.
I give it to you with total honesty.

Friend, I know your name.
Love, I felt your pain.
Life, I've walked your path.

I come to you full of crazy ideas.
Letting faceless masters guide my light.

I've brightened my horizons
Killed the insecurity
Learned and taught loves immortality.

Now I give you my gift.
All that is left of me.
I give it to you.
My love, My reality

Would you like to submit poetry for publication in Reaching Out Magazine?
Submit your poetry to the address below.
Selected poems will be printed in each issue.

Reaching Out Magazine
C/O Christina Allen
500 Bishop St. suite F-1
Atlanta, GA 30318

Author: Unknown

Memory
why are you
Haunting me?
I thought I'd lost you in time.
Leave me.

Jazz Venues

Compiled by: Tamira Onfray

Jazzy Spots

YIN YANG CAFE
64 3rd St.
404.607.0682

CLUB KAYA
1068 PEACHTREE ST.
404.874.4460

THE PEPPER POT
710 PEACHTREE RD.
404.815.6637

SAMBUCA JAZZ CAFE
3102 PIEDMONT RD.
404.237.5299

RAY'S ON THE RIVER
6700 POWERS
FERRY RD.
ATLANTA
404.955.1187

JAZZY T'S
1359 COLUMBIA DR.
404.289.3386

BRANDY HOUSE
4365 ROSWELL RD.
BUCKHEAD
404.252.7784

DAILEY'S
INTERNATIONAL BLVD.
404.681.3303

POOR RICHARD'S PUB
3330 PEACHTREE CORNERS CIR.
770.887.1776

ECLIPSE DE LUNA
164 MIAMI CIR. N.E.
ATLANTA
404.846.0449

LEVEL 2
385 1/2 MARIETTA ST.
ATLANTA
404.522.8477

SHELF EXPRESSIONS
595 PIEDMONT AVE. NE
404.874.6634

Upcoming Jazz Events

TABERNACLE NAJEE
THURS. JUNE 17 @ 8P.M.

ESTA, JAZZ FROM ISRAEL
SAT. MAY 29 @ 8 P.M.

VARIETY PLAYHOUSE
KARL DENSON'S TINY UNIVERSE
SUN. MAY 23RD @ 8:30 P.M.

When the rainbow isn't enough,there is always a place open to jazz lovers in the Atlanta area. From the packed "Kaya" to the more intimate "Yin Yang", hearing good live Jazz is not hard to find. Being in a city that is seething with good music, there will be many Jazz festivals to come. The Montreax Jazz Festival will make its appearance in August and will defiantly be the place to be. Featuring Jazz acts from across the country as well as local acts, the Montreax Jazz Festival has a little bit of everything for everybody. The Monteray Jazz Festival hits the states in early fall with an excellent line up of strait jazz. Reaching Out Magazine will keep you up to date!

If you know of any Jazz events that we should be publisizing please send us the event information at:
Reaching Out Magazine
c/o Tamira Onfray
500 Bishop St. Suite F-1
Atlanta, GA 30318

Venues:

This is it, the premier issue of Reaching Out, what certainly will turn out to be a most valuable resource for individuals interested in getting the low down on music in Atlanta. The section you are reading will be dedicated to providing information on any and all things related to punk life. We hope to bring you not only the normal scene coverage, but a comprehensive listing of EVERY show, Food Not Bombs meeting, Critical Mass ride, and any other event that a punk might enjoy. We can't do this without your help. If you book a hall show let us know. If you want to organize a protest of, say, the bombings in Serbia, let us know. Throw a punk bar-b-que, got a new idea on how to free Mumia, Noam Chomsky speaking at your school, let us know? Since Reaching Out is available most places around town and comes out twice a month, and 40,000 copies of each issue are made, a lot of people will here about your goings on. The quote above, from the Operation Ivy cd cover, basically says that the total is only the sum of the parts. The parts in this case happen to be you, me, and every other person who has this punk stuff running through their veins. The total, or the scene, will only become what we make it. Call it a call to arms, call it foolish optimism, call it whatever you want, this is OUR opportunity. To borrow from Mr.Michaels once again, "more than just another crowd, we need a gathering instead".

The 513 Club...513 Edgewood Ave. 404 223 5132 diy punk club. Medium size national and most local bands play here. Run by the same person who ran the famous Rec Room. They sell hot dogs and beer. Good sound. Bunch of punks hang out outside. Shows range from$3-$8 Bands who have played here include Afi, 88 Fingers Louie, and the Teen Idols, to name a few. Locals Nuclear Saturday, Treephort, and The Bloody Sods play there regularly. Only open if there is a show.

C-11 Warehouse...West End warehouses. 404 753 9704 The best thing punk Atlanta has going for it. "A punk rock kid's dream, skateboarding (RIP), beer, good music, and a whole lot of love." No shows here until this summer, but this place is the real deal. If you see a flyer for a show here, do yourself a favor and go. Never more than $5 for a show, this is where the bands everybody will dig tomorrow will play today.

The Echo Lounge...551 Flat Shoals Ave. 404 681 3600 Fairly new club, Actually a club , complete with 2 bars and a lounge that looks as if they robbed the prop closet from A Clockwork Orange. Very cool. This is more of an indie rock club. Some punk bands play here, mostly emo-ish punk bands like Jets to Brazil and At The Drive-in. All shows are 18 and over unless otherwise noted.

The Point....420 Moreland Ave. L5P 404 659 3522 The quintessential punk rock club in Atlanta. 21 and over bar upstairs, club downstairs is 18 and over, but most shows here are all ages. Most touring punk bands play here. Medium size venue that tends to sell out, but they sell advance tickets to shows. Some bands that have played here recently include The Sub Hum-Anz, Avail. The Queers , Tilt and The Suicide Machines. They also have good local bands playing nightly $3-$5 and national bands here will set you back $8-$10

The Masquerade...695 North Ave. 404 577 2007 This is the largest punk venue in Atlanta. There are numerous bars here and actually 3 different clubs in one building. The largest of touring punk bands play here. This is one of those places you go to see a band not the club. With actual security guards walking around (many) and a strict no camera policy, this place isn't really punk. You can, however, see some great punk bands here like: NOFX, Lagwagon, MxPx, Blink 182 and Less than Jake. Most shows here are all ages and will probably set you back about $10- $15.

Gathering Places:

Little five points- lots of squatter crust punks, especially on the weekends? They have food not bombs hand outs here periodically and the newly liberated Five Points Pizza is always playing good music from the Ramones to Crass and have pretty cheap beer.

The 40 yard... graffiti walls and dry skate park. so titled because of the thousands of smashed 40 oz. Bottles littering the surrounding area 10th and west Peachtree. Mostly a gathering spot for skaters for downtown sessioning.

Skates and Bruises...510 S. Tennessee. 770 607 3211. Cartersville 45,000 square feet of brand new indoor skatepark. Just relocated from Kennesaw, it is far away, but worth the drive. Pack a bunch of your friends into the car and make the trek. BMX, skateboarding, and rollerblades Monday through Thursday. Skateboards and roller blades only, on the weekends. $4 the first hour, $3.50 second hour, $3 an hour for any time over 2 hours. They will let you listen to your own cd's.

The Highlander...931 Monroe Drive 404 872 0060. Midtown bar with great food 'til 4am, 2 juke boxes with selections ranging from Agnostic Front to Johnny Cash. Punks and skins hang out here, as well as your usual midtown fodder. Maybe for the air hockey and pinball, maybe the friendly waitresses, probably the late kitchen, but whatever it is this place usually packs em in.

Did we miss anything? Something new happening? Email us at Pinkfurr@aol.com, or call the magazine with your information.

PUNK ASS KIDS

By: Zach Archibald

STYLE

By: Tamira Onfray

So what if Capri's and stacks are back this spring? Is this your style? Are you the type to forgo all that Vogue, Essence, and Glamour spit out every month regarding what you should and should not be wearing? Congratulations on being original. Knowing that how you look isn't really about what name is sticking on the back of your shirt, it's about how you carry yourself and feel about the person you are. In fashion frenzied Atlanta, it can be a bit intimidating if you always wear jeans and a t-shirt, overalls and no shirt, or just looking scrappy. This is my thing. I moved here from Florida in the winter of 1995. I was both impressed and dismayed by the way people in Atlanta put themselves together. Nails shone of fresh paint. Hairstyles were tight and fresh looking. It's all a bit too formal for me, so after my awe of the city died down, so did my desire to copy images of women and girls standing around in Lenox mall. I know that I have a lot to offer and don't need to wear a Coach bag to convey that. Still, when I see the woman who is dressed to the nines with the matching Coach bag, I have to give her props for at least going through the motions to stimulate my senses. I on the other hand, am just a plain ragamuffin kind of chic. I go to the thrift stores for any and everything. I buy a clear coat of nailpolish and call it a day. If I am at the mall with a friend and see a fabulous outfit with a not so fabulous price, I head down to Goodwill in my neighborhood and try to find the exact same thing. Since style is usually some recycled piece from decades ago, I can sometimes find what I want with that extra flair thrown in. I wear my hear in a short style. I go to the barbershop where I am always the only woman to bless the scenery and spy on what men really talk about. It is quite fun not following trends and being yourself. Real style is in your head. It's o.k. to go out and buy that out dated but cheap clearance number at Marshalls, and you'll be jammin' next to the girl with the latest and tired out number cause it is really all in your head. I'd rather make babies with someone with no sense of style but a brutal sense of responsibility than someone who shines his wing tips hourly but can't change a diaper. Enough said!

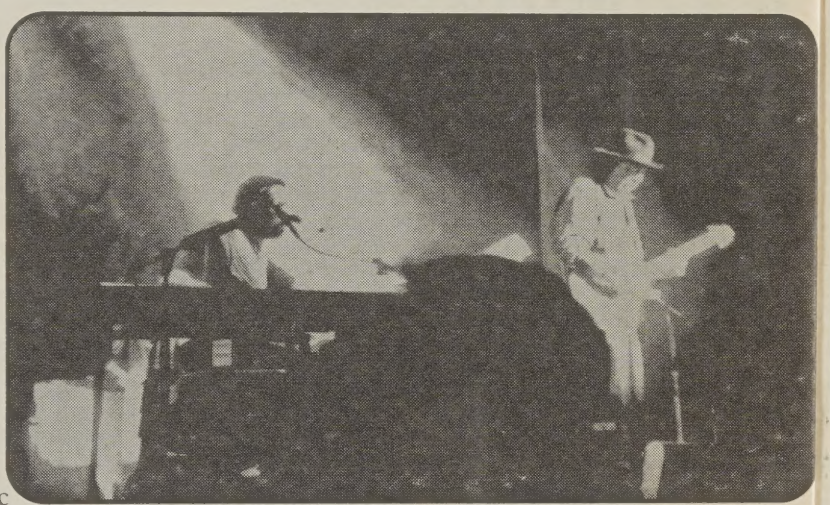
Knowing that how you look isn't really about what name is sticking on the back of your shirt, it's about how you carry yourself and feel about the person you are."

Photos By: Jas Maddox

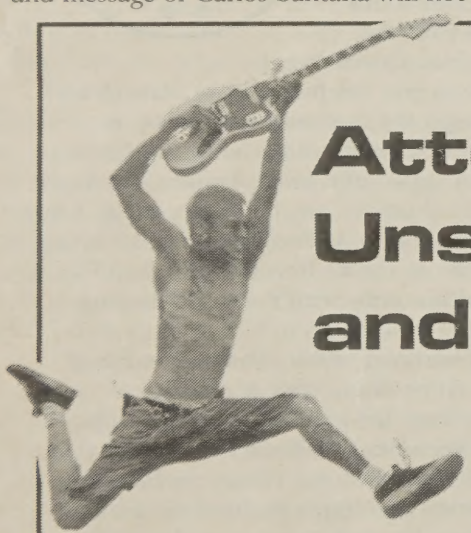
SANTANA

By: Robert Frye and Rob Kapp

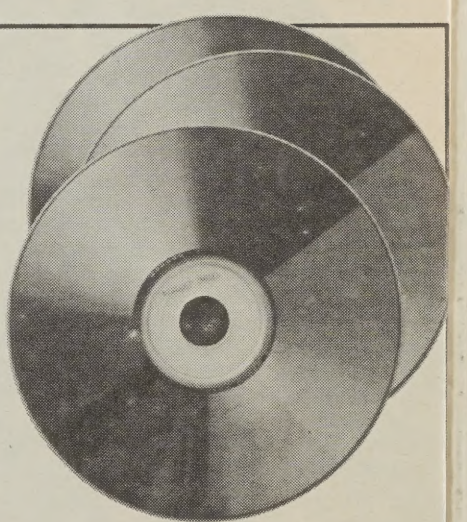
Twelve thousand people gathered in the Horseshoe Casino in Northern Mississippi on April 22 to hear the music and message of Carlos Santana. The Mexican-born guitarist, best known for his chart-toppers in the 60's such as "Soul Sacrifice" and "Evil Ways," began his US career when he formed his band in San Francisco in October of 1966, but continues to tour and release new material. He also uses his concerts as an opportunity to spread his missive of love and peace: "Our biggest enemy is fear and the only way to overcome fear is to make your life a masterpiece of joy."



The music was driving and energetic, Santana's characteristic blend of Latin beats, blues riffs, and rock edginess. According to one fan in the audience, the concert was "a spiritual experience." And spirituality is important to Santana; during one of his many breaks to speak with the audience, he asked, "How many people believe in Christ?" Countless arms were raised. He continued, "Okay, how many of you own guns? You can't have it both ways. You gotta live your faith." Perhaps it is this energy and uncommonly bright message that have enabled Santana to endure for more than three decades. Though none of his albums have rivaled the popularity of his first three, he is still attracting thousands of fans, many of whom are more than willing to drive for hours for the performances. Whether he continues touring for another thirty years or only another thirty days, The music and message of Carlos Santana will not be soon forgotten.



Attention Unsigned Bands and Solo Artists!



Reaching Out Magazine is accepting taped demos for a new recording and distribution network launching this summer. Please send a cassette tape (3 or more songs), photo and bio to:

Steven Paul Perry
Reaching Out Magazine
500 Bishop Street, Suite F-1
Atlanta, GA 30318

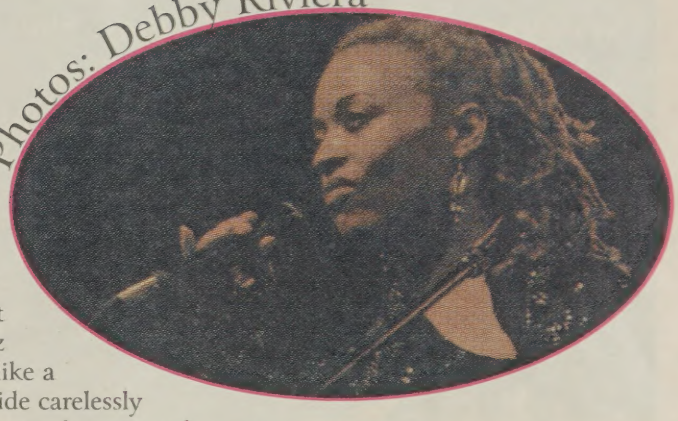
You will be contacted in 4-6 weeks after submission.

MAGAZINE REACHING OUT

Cassandra Wilson

By: Tamira Onfray

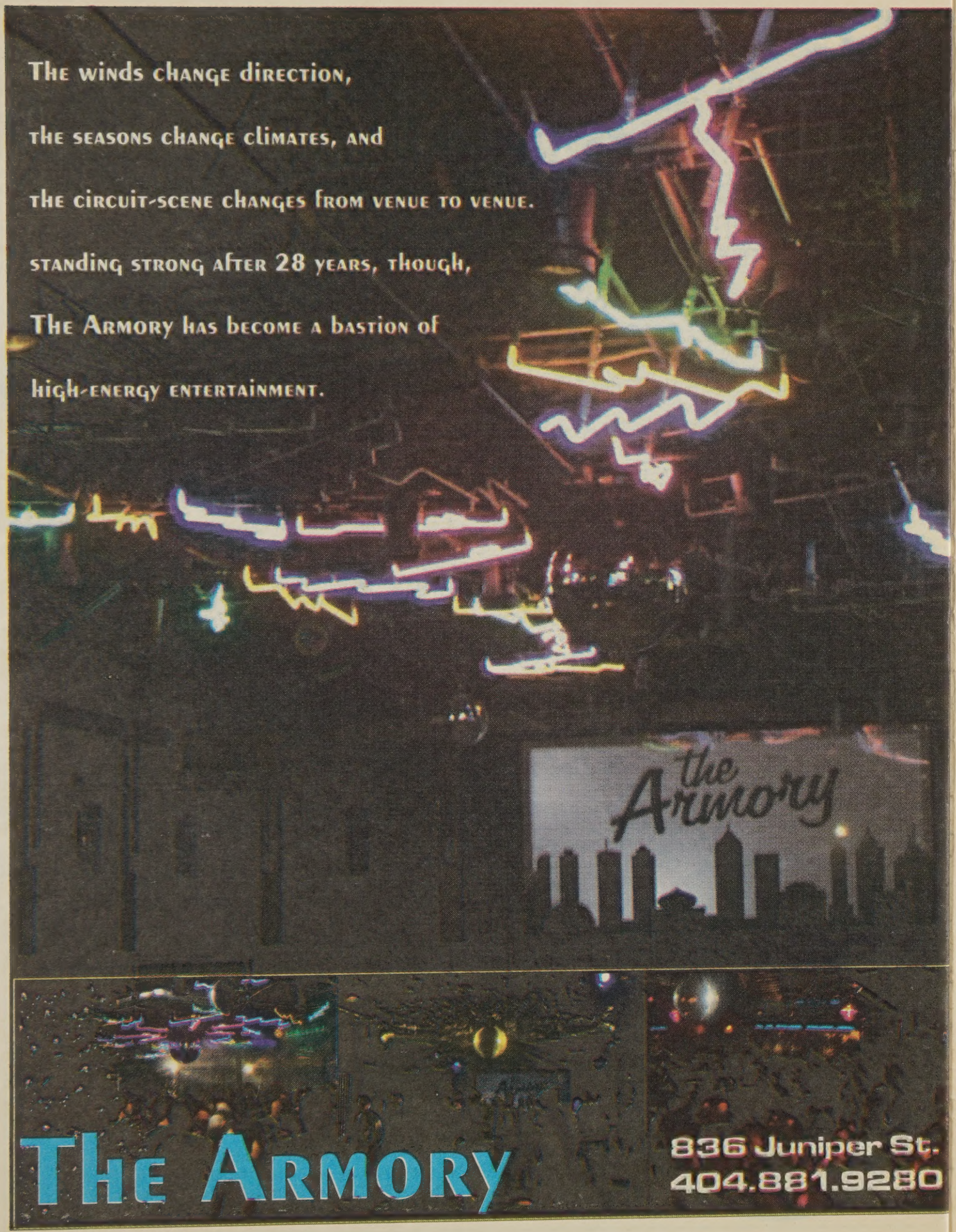
Photos: Debby Riviera



An evening with Cassandra Wilson proved to be the hottest ticket in town. People stood in lines patiently before the doors had even opened, but once inside, antsy music lovers did not wait long. Easing on stage first was her band, giving the audience a sweet and delicious sample of jazz and funk before the main attraction. Minutes after, Wilson appeared on the stage wearing a sultry black- fitted dress and swaying like a tree to the audiences standing ovation. Starting off with the classic 'Tutu,' Wilson set the pace for a sassy night of fun, music and entertainment. Wilson drew the audience into her web smoothly between sets joking about her first tour stop in Iowa and how glad she was to be in Hotlanta. What was so distinctive about this jazz show was how it came across more like a great big jam session.They seemed to ride carelessly from song to song with the audience not quite knowing when to applaud or not." Right here, Right now," a juicy jazz tune, contained a message about loving where you are and was very intense. Soon it was time for the band to shine their light as Wilson stepped back into the shadows as the audience watched her body moving ever so gently to the band's instrumental jam, and jam they did. With guitarist Adam Roger, bassist Lonnie Plaxico, Marcus Baylor tearing up the xylophone and piano and Jeffery Haynes on the percussions, the band played as if it was their last night on Earth. With eyes closed, the band played as if in a trance then jumped into the upbeat crowd pleaser "Come on in my kitchen," a song involving lust and longing, showed off Wilson's throaty vocal range.

Wilson then broke into a remake of Cyndi Lauper's classic, "Time after time"' a song also done by the late Miles Davis, of which the album and tour are based on. Singing Miles Davis classics from "Sketches of Spain" and songs "7 Steps to Heaven," an extremely complex song to perform, Wilson and Traveling Miles pulled it it off gracefully.

Unfortunately, all good things come to an end. Saying her good-byes and waving like the show was really over, Wilson and band exitedthe stage to a pouring of shout outs of love and applaud. For the encore, Wilson performed some original songs off her first and second CD's including the funky "Twist of Faith". Of course by now the crowd is on its feet and just getting the party started. Following in the steps of Billie Holiday, Joan Armatrading, Neena Freelong and Nina Simone, Wilsons' music is an unconventional mixture of strait up jazz, blues and pure soul. Attending a Cassandra Wilson show, (which sells out easily with little or no promotion), is like watching someone give birth: so perfect and pure or what it must have been like to see a live Bob Marley show, Marvin Gaye live, Billie Holiday singing 'Strange Fruit' live at the cotton club, John Coltrane doing his thing on the sax for Miles Davis playing "So What". To say the show was good would be an understatement. The show was a glamorous and magical event with Wilson our Queen, we being her subjects, jokers and ladies in waiting. If you missed the show, do not fret. Wilson and band will be performing live at the New Orleans Jazz Festival, stopping in Greenville, South Carolina, and ending their tour in Europe and Asia. If you have a nine to five as most jazz lovers and cannot travel to the jazz festival, go and buy all of her CD's, sit back and act like you were at the show. Her music is felt so deeply, you will no doubt still be affected. Don't sleep when she comes to town, and don't act as if you have plenty of time to buy tickets to the show because you don't. The show will sell out and all you'll have is a great review of the show in your hands!


The winds change direction,
the seasons change climates, and
the circuit-scene changes from venue to venue.
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BUFFY

By: Jon Lupo

As this television season lurches to a close, I'm a little surprised at how much TV I'm not watching. A TV junkie from an early age (the closest I got to sports as a kid was handicapping the obstacle course on *Battle of the Network Stars*), there always seemed to be at least a half a dozen shows I simply couldn't miss, from *Dynasty* to *The Facts of Life*. (This was, of course, before I hit puberty, when suddenly I understood why Joanie loved Chachi.) I still watch TV, but not with the same obsessive regularity. *Friends* is still funny, as is The *Simpsons* and *Will & Grace*. But there was nothing that held me rapt, nothing that I rushed home to see -- until, that is, I started watching *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* (Tuesdays/8 p.m. WB Network) -- and now I'm hooked all over again.

Admittedly, the premise of a wisecracking vampire killer sounds like the stuff of bad '80s movies (and it actually was). But something close to alchemy happened on its way to the WB; a leaden movie (which starred Kristy Swanson for chrissakes) has become one of the best TV series of the '90s. Let me preface this a little more by saying I'm not into vampire or demon lore (at 12, I played Dungeons & Dragons once and was promptly killed by a magic troll and never returned) nor am I a devotee of miss diva-in-training-wheels Sarah Michelle Gellar. In fact, what is brilliant about Buffy has less to do with its subject matter than it has to do with what makes every TV show great: sharp, multi-layered writing, rich characters and pitch-perfect performances. Above all, it plays to TV's greatest strength: a dense, textured narrative that takes its time but is still consistently engrossing and satisfying.

To go deep into the show's already intricate history may make it sound like hokey soap opera; a lot has happened in the two and a half seasons the show's been on. But unlike, say, on *Beverly Hills 90210*, where characters have gone through such things as car-jackings, drug interventions and the occasional bout of hysterical blindness but never seem to retain any of it beyond a season, Buffy's characters have depended considerably since the show's debut in 1997. It's safe to say though that Gellar plays a high school student who, as "the chosen one" has heightened abilities (but no super powers) that make her especially able to off vampires and demons. This is good, because her high school is smack on the Hellmouth, a source of evil energy that makes it a natural haven for various nefarious deeds. So with the help of Giles (Anthony Steward Head), a stuffy British librarian who's chosen to watch over her, and her various friends, including shy but smart Willow (Alyson Hannigan), dorky but lovable Xander (Nicholas Brendon), and bitchy but more bitchy Cordelia (Charisma Carpenter), among others, Buffy fights the forces of darkness while struggling to have a normal life. One of the show's greatest strengths is how it courts familiar dramatic devices only to deftly upend them. The best example can be found in Buffy's romance with the vampire Angel (David Boreanaz). The hunter in love with the prey is certainly a well-worn plot. Though Angel had regained his soul and was now a nice, repentant vampire, the romance smartly navigated the little dramas in their relationship (like how she's 16 and he's over 200). But midway last season, Buffy and Angel had sex in what became a Very Special Episode not for a Blossom-esque safe sex lecture or a pregnancy scare, but in that that the act turned Angel back into a soulless, killer vampire. Not only was it a keen take on the perils of teen dating but it also kicked the show into a different realm. For Angel did not become a moodier version of his former self for a few episodes, but a monster who tortured Buffy's friends over a half a season, eventually killing one. Buffy was forced to slay him -- even after he changed back at the last minute -- in order to save the world...again.

> "...but there was nothing that held me rapt, nothing that I rushed home to see— until, that is, I started watching Buffy the Vampire Slayer and now I am hooked all over again."

Buffy excels not only in broad narrative arcs and patient character evolution, but also in a succession of whip-smart one-liners and throwaway metaphors that build up and resonate over the show's run but never threaten to overtake it. Take the subtle but unforced metaphor noodling around the margins of the show in which Buffy's slaying "lifestyle" is frequently compared to being gay. Buffy's claim that the slayer is a life that she didn't chose but instead chose her is but one part of her ongoing adjustment to slaying that has ranged from fear to anger to acceptance and finally pride. Also, there's her quite literal coming out to her mother, who in her words, wants to "march in the slayer pride parade" but still has trouble understanding why Buffy can't just turn it off and be normal. Plus, there's Willow's deliciously bisexual doppelganger and Xander's ability to be one of the few characters in any medium to make his frequent cases of homosexual panic more endearing than noxious. All of this is, for me, more "positive" and relevant to the gay community than any number of out but chaste gay characters who pop in and out of TV shows all the time.

As Buffy prepares to finish the season by having to finish off an evil fellow vampire slayer (don't ask), the show's future is a little uncertain. While its current season has had more than its share of classic episodes, it's not as seamless as the near-perfect previous season. Buffy and her pals are graduating high school, while Angel (who's back) and Cordelia are departing for their own spin-off next fall, leading many fans to question whether the show's wunderkind producer / writer Joss Whedon can keep up the quality on two shows. But I don't want to think about that. I'm too busy working out the Buffy relay team for *Battle of the Network Stars* 2000. Some things never change.

Chart Toppers

Top 10 Jazz Albums

1. **Donald Harrison**
   Free To Be
2. **Parenc Blanchard**
   Jazz In Film
3. **Milt Jackson**
   Explosive
4. **Abby Lincoln**
   Wholly Earth
5. **Cassandra Wilson**
   Traveling Miles
6. **Bobby Hucherson**
   Skyline
7. **Oscar Peterson**
   A Summertime In Munich
8. **Steve Tourre**
   Lotus Flower
9. **McCoy Tyner**
   McCoy Tyner And The Latin All-Stars
10. **Diane Schuur**
    Music Is My Life

Satellite Top 10 CD Sales

1. **Oakenfold**
   Live in New York
2. **Oakenfold**
   2 Years of Cream
3. **Sasha**
   In San Francisco
4. **Kai/Alce**
   Museum of Sound
5. **Sasha + Digweed**
   Expeditions
6. **Aphrodite & Mickey Finn**
   Urisan Takeover
7. **Paul VanDyk**
   Vorsprung
8. **Eric Morillo**
   Ministry of Sound Session 9
9. **Mark Farina**
   Mushroom Jazz Vol/II
10. **True Playas**
    Real Vibes

Outwrite Top Ten Books

1. **What the Bible Really Says About Homosexuality**
   Daniel Helminiak
2. **All About Me**
   Phillipp Keel
3. **Abide With Me**
   E. Lynn Harris
4. **Don't Sweat the Small Stuff... And It's All Small Stuff**
   Richard Carlson, PhD
5. **Queer Astrology for Men**
   Jill Dearman
6. **Husband Hunting Made Easy**
   Patrick Price
7. **Don't Sweat the Small Stuff at Work**
   Richard Carlson, PhD
8. **Memoirs of a Geisha**
   Arthur Golden
9. **Best Lesbian Erotica 1999**
   Tristan Taormino
10. **Like Breathing**
    Ricc Rollins

Dixie Dance KIngs Club Play

1. **"Strong Enough"**
   Cher
2. **"It's Over Know"**
   Deborah Cox
3. **" Nothing Really Matters"**
   Madonna
4. **"We Like To Party"**
   Vengaboys
5. **"Take My Love"**
   KromOzone Project
6. **"I Still Believe"**
   Mariah Carey
7. **"Someone To Hold"**
   Veronica
8. **"Stomp To My Beat"**
   JS-16
9. **"No Scrub"**
   TLC
10. **"Belly Roll"**
    D&G Kore

Upcoming guests on the radio show The Dunhams on Z93 will be:

May 16th Tumbleweed Junction
May 23rd The Blotter Boys
May 30th will have some local bands from Summerfest
June 6th The Disco Biscuits
June 13th will feature Jerry Jam performers
June 20th Leftover Salmon for those of you who missed it

The show starts at 10pm on Sunday nights with the Grateful Dead Hour then at 11pm the living room band performs. The show lasts till about 3am, so if you have to work, let the VCR record it for you.

AROUND TOWN

By: the Dunhams

Hello Everyone,

We have had some wonderful music emerging from our wonderful city. I will start with Loverboy at the Tabernacle, April 24. The Tabernacle is a beautiful venue. A lot of eye candy. Beautiful paintings, carvings, and the smell is awesome. Some kind of relaxing incense burns regularly. Loverboy was great. They played all of their 80's hits for us. But the band I really thought we all should know about is The Tender Idols. They opened for Loverboy and I thought they were awesome. I don't know anything about them except they are here in Atlanta. They reminded me of the early 80's new wave sound. Their encore was Starman by David Bowie, just awesome.

The next show I went to was Peter Rowan and String Cheese Incident at the Georgia Theatre in Athens. It was my first time at the Theatre. I thought it was a pretty nice venue, but the show was what was really hot. In my opinion, this show will be talked about for years to come. It was my first time seeing Peter solo. He was the best I have ever seen. SCI was also awesome. They jammed for us in the first set. Then Peter joined them for most of the second set. It was a marvelous show. I am looking forward to seeing that combo again. Then there was Music Mid-Town. I bet most of you caught that too. I thought it was a beautiful weekend, lots and lots of Great music. There is one thing I wanted to touch base on with Music Mid-Town, which was the trash and broken glass. They had plenty of trashcans around, but for some reason people thought they shouldn't use them. Well folks that are what the trashcans are for, imagine that.

Now you want to know about the Blotter Boys show at the Brandy House. Well first let me tell you about the boys. The most well known Boy is legendary fiddler Vassar Clements. Sammy Piazza, the drummer, who was the drummer for Hot Tuna, Jefferson Airplane, and Quicksilver Messenger Service during the 70's. Buddy Cage who is one of the most awesome steel guitarists. He has played with New Riders of the Purple Sage, The Grateful Dead, Sly and the Family Stone, and was one of the musicians on Bob Dylan's album Blood on the Tracks. Boyd Albritton, who is the guitarist and lead singer, has played with Buddy Miles, John Lee Hooker, and Albert Collins to name a few. Last but not least we have the bass player, Bubba. The show at the Brandy House was incredible. Rev. Jeff Mosier sat in for the second set and really added a touch of class. If you missed this show, you still have a chance to catch them at the Tabernacle on May 20th. Don't miss it, it's sure to be a real treat. By the way, get there early to see the opening band The Last Now featuring Dr. Dan Matrazzo, of Fiji Mariners fame. Sonny Emory, the drummer, has played with Earth Wind and Fire. The bassist Sam Simms is so incredible. He has played with Janet Jackson and Rob Halford of Judas Priest to name a couple.

I just wanted to make a quick mention that Col. Bruce Hampton (ret.), along with his band The Fiji Mariners has been doing many shows at the Brandy House. On May 29th and 30th the Col. will have a very special guest, John Popper. Tickets are available now at the Brandy House. " If Earth could talk, you wouldn't believe it!" The Col. and the Fiji Mariners will be playing every Friday and Saturday night at the Brandy House in the month of June. Who knows how many special guests there will be? So you say what's gonna be happening, Well I will tell you about some of the things I know of. May 22nd at the Brandy House there will be a free Z93 Grateful Dead listening party. The party starts with listening to the Grateful Dead Hour and then a couple of bands will play. Z93's Dunham will be there to giveaway all kinds of prizes and rumor has it that he will be giving away some Phish tickets for the Lakewood shows on July 3rd and 4th. Don't miss out on that sweet opportunity .the show starts at 8pm. Summerfest in the Virginia Highlands is going to be on June 5th and 6th. It's kind of like the Dogwood Festival featuring lots of local music and local art. June 12th and 13th is Jerry Jam 99 at the Variety Playhouse.
Doors open at 3pm both days. The bands are Tumbleweed Junction, Sector 9 Swami Gone Bananas, Blueground Undergrass, The Recipe, The Disco Biscuits, Day by the River, and headlining both nights is Dark Star Orchestra. Tickets are $7.93 in advance available at The Variety Playhouse box office.

I wanted to make a quick mention of the Phish tour. June 30th they will be in Kansas. July 1st will be in Tennessee; tickets go on sale May 15th. July 3rd and 4th they will be here in Atlanta at Lakewood. Tickets for Lakewood also go on sal 15th. July 7th they will be in North Carolina, tickets go on sale May 21st. Then it off to Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, Massachusetts for two shows, then back to New Jersey for two more shows. Oswego New York for two shows, then off to Canada, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, Indiana (Deer (for two shows. Then once again out of the country for a festival in Japan.

By: Tamira Onfray

Underground Videos

What Are You Lookin'At?

Can you believe the nerve of some of those critics? If I had to watch movies all day I'd probably be mad at movies too. But to be so mad that some of the coolest movies get dissed. Check it out!

Three The Hard Way

Watch this movie when you just can't sleep and wish for the days when movies were a little more creative and crazy. Made in the era of karate, black folk style, this 70's flick stars all the major players of the Blaxploitation scene. Fred Williams and his friends fight the evil racist Feather, who is trying to poison the water system and wipe out the black race. If movies like these were made today, maybe there would be less violence in the world.

Happiness

Everytime I go to rent a movie, I always see the infamous "Faces Of Death". I am always tempted to view this flick but just as the rush warms over me, I see the warning at the bottom. It says don't watch it if you cannot stomach grotesque images. I then quietly replace the movie in its slot. Happiness should come with a warning. The movie is deeply disturbing, and if you have children, wait until they move out of the house to rent this one. If you don't have children, see it for all it's dark and spooky realities. Happiness reminds you that the person who pulls up next to you in a sparkling new car or mini-van with children in the back may seem to have it all, but all that shimmers is not gold.

Belly

This movie marks the first for hip video director Hype Williams. The movie received mediocre reviews and didn't get the props it deserved. I honestly do not think people went to see the movie, just heard that the story was about thugs, guns and drugs. Well, it is sort of, but with a twist. With rap stars DMX and NAS, the rappers trade the mic for freestyle acting and it showed. DMX is Tommy, the crazy cat who says anything and does anything. Life to him is a bag of cockroaches, blunts, girls and cars. Sincere is his right hand person who is trying to get out of the game with the support of his spouse. The story is the same, but the life is real. There are many brothers and sisters out there who are trapped and looking for a way out of this death lifestyle. Williams offers lame choices, but choices they are.

Cube

My spouse made me rent this movie. I thought the cover was cheesy. I am glad listened. This movie will have you on the edge of your seat for the first 2 hours. The movie isn't even 2 hours! Five people are trapped inside a cube that is booby trapped and full of surprises. What is genius about this flick is that it starts out trippy. No ones eating lunch or talking sappy about their boyfriends. It is raw from the beginning to the end. I said raw, so if you are the squeamish type, see Something About Mary instead!

Route 9

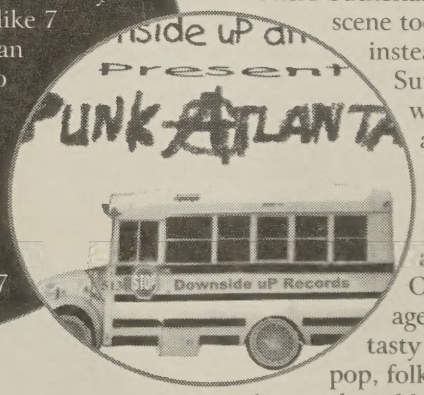
We peep these movies out at the video store very briefly. In a hurry to go nowhere with the perfect movie, we overlook goofy classics based on cheesy covers. If you're a cover freak, seek counseling. Route 9 shows no excitement on the cover, but the movie is classic. Starring Twin Peaks Kyle somebody, the story follows two small time sheriffs who strike it rich after arriving to the scene of a drug transaction gone awry. Just like a juicy soap opera, the story stays fresh and unpredictable.

CD Reviews

The Angry Samoans- The 90's suck and so do You. Metal Mike Saunders has given the world a brand new version of the Samoans and I couldn't be happier. While the 8 songs on this 15 minute cd are no where near as good as the classic "Back from Samoa" album, they are better than most of the later Samoans stuff. The true gift of this release is that it gives hope that they may go on tour one day soon. Other than that I would say this is good power pop complete with two step breakdowns and a girl guitar player. Triple X Records PO Box 862629, Los Angeles,CA 90086-2529

By: Zach Archibald

Punk Atlanta- The Downside Up records and 513 club comp. 26 songs from 21 Atlanta bands. Styles range from punk to ska to grind. This is a good sample of what you will hear at the 513. It costs like 7 dollars in the store, but you can get for much cheaper if you go to a show at 513. A great picture of the Atlanta punk scene circa early 99. On a scale of one to ten this is a seven. Downside up records, PO box 5883 Atlanta, GA 31107



How to be Punk.- Cool Guy Records comp. A virtual Who's who of the national pop punk scene. With Fifteen, Ann Beretta, Discount, The Nobodys, Operation Cliff Clavin, and The Automatics. As well as 24 other bands. Like Punk USA in 1994 and I Can't Believe It's not Water In 1996, this is THE pop punk comp of 98. $8 by mail from Cool Guy Records,.P.O box 2361, San Francisco,CA 90670

Nicki Sutherland, the Columbus based grrl behind Precious Things, is definitely this reviewer's new flavor of the month. Graced with a voice reminiscent of a young Wendy Bucklew and an unconfined passionate style uniquely her own, Sutherland already has tongues wagging in her adopted home town. It's no wonder, her CD, Precious Things, is blessed with both beautiful music and good production, a rare find for a first recording.

The stand out percussion on "Stop the World", "Hand to Mouth", and the untitled track 11 are one of the most obvious signs Sutherland has something different to offer Atlanta audiences. And though track 11 might be treading a little close to a Tori Amos sound, the bare bones, percussion only arrangement is a great vehicle for Sutherland's impassioned lyrics and ample vocal ability. In fact, Sutherland's voice is what really drives this CD and gives her a distinctive edge. Her unusual accent and husky, breathless tone propels her above the sea of aspiring female musicians choking Atlanta's open mic nights.

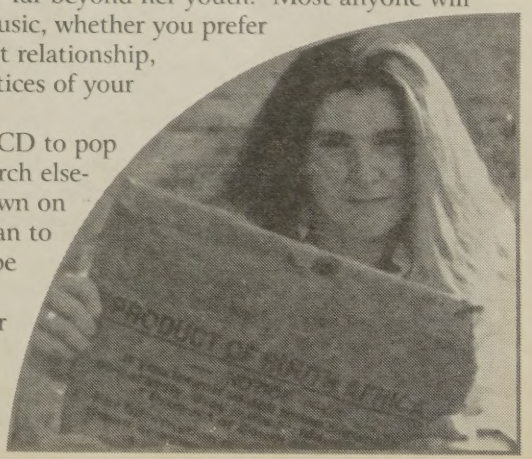
Nicki Sutherland, quite simply, sounds fresh. Women musicians in the local scene too often want to be the next Michelle Malone or Indigo Girl instead of taking the time to find their own style and expression. Sutherland hasn't been around that long, but she already knows who she wants to be, and it isn't a clone of somebody else already out there. Sutherland only learned how to play the guitar and started performing a few years ago. But if this is the kind of music she can put out with only a couple years of experience under her belt, this girl is going to kick some major ass in the future.

One of the best aspects of Precious Things is the way it manages to interweave a variety of musical styles into an exotic and tasty tapestry with ease. The album is primarily a juicy blend of pop, folk and rock, but Sutherland also manages to add a touch of jazz and world music to some of the melodies. The songs also cover a wide range of emotions and experiences, both intensely personal and intimately accessible. Though this twenty-three year old still projects the underlying optimism and unbroken spirit of her age, she also shows a hard wisdom and maturity far beyond her youth. Most anyone will find something to relate to in Sutherland's music, whether you prefer kicking yourself in the teeth over your latest relationship, "Haunted," or trying to reconcile the injustices of your childhood, "Not the Daughter."

If you are looking for just another chick CD to pop in your car stereo for long road trips, search elsewhere. But if you want to get the lowdown on what may be the next hot women musician to conquer Atlanta, Precious Things should be your next stop.

For more information on Nicki Sutherland or to order a CD, contact Little Hippo Records at AlitlHippo@aol.com or PO Box 5051, Columbus, GA 31906-0051.

By: Laura Vess



An Altogether Different Creature

By: Rob Kapp

We arrive at The Masquerade at a quarter past seven, armed with press passes, a camera, and a dozen white roses we'd just picked up at Kroger. The evening is overcast and humid, expectant; there'd been storms in the afternoon, and the few drops of rain seem ready to intensify. The weather perfectly reflects the excited anxiety of the crowd--hidden somewhere in the bowels of the club, preparing to hit the stage, is the legend, Siouxie Sioux.

It is 7:15, and already the line reaches almost to the street. No one knows for sure what time the concert is to begin. The publicity fliers say 8:00, which is about the time the doors will open; Isabella and I have been told 9:30. Others expect the opening band to start playing at 8:00, 9:00, and 10:15. The crowd is typical for a "Goth" concert, which means it's about as homogenous as Noah's Ark. Frat boys, raver girls, middle-aged men in skirts. And, of course, lots of black. Already, the name "Siouxie Sioux" is on everyone's lips.

At ten to eight, the doors open. We try to find someone to tell us whether we can go backstage before the show, but get different stories about who we need to talk to. And no one can tell us where to find anyone in charge. So we claim a spot directly at the foot of the stage, right in the middle--we're up against the fence dividing the stars from the rabble in the pit. I'm already morbidly imagining what it will feel like to have my abdomen crushed against those wooden posts. I wonder off briefly in search of a vodka gimlet, a drink to which I've read Siouxie is partial.

The lights dim at 9:00 and Fascia, a local band, walk on stage. I already pity them. They could be the next Cure and no one would care--we came to see Siouxie. And they're not the next Sisters. There are two of them, a drummer and a bassist/guitarist. They're accompanied by technology; a sampler or sequencer playing back strange sounds and harmonies that don't vary much from song to song, and a video projection screen to keep us entertained. It doesn't work. That is, we're not entertained by the random succession of washed-out images, which seems to have been lifted directly from a video on MTV's AMP. Don't get me wrong--I enjoy their music. I can see myself listening to them while obsessively writing into the wee hours of the morning. They're mellow and trancey, probably classified as 'drone' or 'shoegazer.' Which is hardly ideal for a concert, especially when anxiously awaiting the arrival of Siouxie Sioux, and especially when the drum kit is three feet from your left ear.

After a five song set they leave, and the tech crew begins to prepare for The Creatures. They pull down the screen to reveal a rather formidable drum set. Three other drums are already in place, in the down stage left corner. Tribal drums. Big drums. We watch in fascination as the techies set a keyboard and mic center stage--"Siouxie's going to be singing RIGHT THERE in a few minutes!" I hiss.

The techies are a tease. It is another ten minutes after they seem to be done before anything else happens. Every other word in the collective conversation of the crowd is "Siouxie."

Suddenly the four rotating spots on the floor go berserk, sweeping the stage, blinding us all. Two minutes of that, underscored by strange electro sounds, and Budgie walks on-stage, greeted by a pandemonium of cheers. The two bassists join him. And finally, finally, Siouxie Sioux, legend, diva, icon. She doesn't smile; she looks haughty and pissed. She strikes a pose, and the show begins.

Many years ago, Siouxie worked as a go-go dancer. Though she's now in her forties, she's retained some of her moves, and she's quite a sight. She knows how to manipulate her audience. Every time she approaches the end of the stage, a dozen arms reach out to touch her, as though she were a healer. She swipes at as, pulling away before making contact, her eyes burning with delight at the tease. Eventually, she does touch us, smiling. She knows that this is a high point in our lowly little lives.

Her black hair, cut shoulder length, is pulled back tightly. White make-up subdues her beautiful features, standing out against her hair and black vinyl jacket and pants. After a few songs of exerting herself, she pulls of the jacket to the howls of the audience. Later in the concert, though, the energy lessens, the music turns more mellow. Budgie is out from behind the drums, playing guitar. During one number, he is simultaneously playing the guitar and a bass drum through a foot pedal set down stage. In one of the most memorable moments of the concert, Siouxie seems to be justifying the many changes she has undergone since her early years with Siouxie and the Banshees--"I swear I was me," she sings passionately. This is what The Banshees, The Creatures, the Goth and punk movements which she never really considered herself a part of were and are about--individuality. After more than twenty years of performing, she has not lost touch with who she was when she began.

The Creatures are not The Banshees with a different name. This is wild, aggressive music, free from the pop roots that largely dictated the Banshees' sound. Though Sioux's voice has retained its clarity and singularity, she throws in some unfamiliar but successful howls. Actually, her voice often sounded harsh, but more than likely as a result of The Masquerade's infamous sound system.

I was in a daze for a couple of days after the concert. I hadn't expected to ever see Siouxie Sioux performing live, much less to be allowed backstage after and meet (briefly) her band members. She herself stayed hidden in the dressing room, and the other band members, though visible, were elusive. Is she protecting her enigma? It doesn't seem in danger, despite her recent domestication--she and Budgie are living in a country house in France with several cats. It actually adds to her legacy. The rock-star-sex-symbol-queen-of- Goth lives a quiet life in the country. Ever the iconoclast. She'll be holding my attention for a while.

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